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[THE CHURCH REGISTER.]

## THE HOUSE OF SECRETS.

BY LEON LEWIS.

### CHAPTER V.

Some secret venom preys upon his heart;  
A stubborn and unconquerable flame  
Creeps in his veins, and drinks the streams of life.

Well, read my cheek, and watch my eye,—  
Too strictly school'd are they,  
One secret of my soul to show,  
One hidden thought betray.

Miss London.

SEVERAL minutes elapsed before Miss Wycherly could regain her self-command—minutes of terrible anguish and bitter struggling. The tears sprang to her eyes, so unused to weep, and her proud lip quivered, while her voice uttered broken moans and exclamations.

She had grown somewhat more composed when a servant knocked at her door, informing her that the Marquis of Waldemere desired to see her on important business.

"Show his lordship into my morning-room," commanded Miss Wycherly, turning her face from her attendant's observation. "I will see him!"

The servant withdrew, and Miss Alethea arose, bathed her face in perfumed water, that no traces of tears might be seen, and then, cold and haughty as ever, she descended to her morning-room.

Its occupant arose to receive her, and it might have been noticed that each grew paler and sterner as their glances met.

Miss Wycherly did not extend her hand, but bowed haughtily, saying:

"The Marquis of Waldemere! To what am I indebted for the honour of this unexpected visit?"

The marquis regarded her steadily a moment before replying.

He was a tall, kingly-looking man of thirty-five years, with a fiercely proud face, dark, gloomy eyes, and a restless, stormy expression on his features. His dark hair was thickly threaded with grey, and he had a weary, care-worn manner, as if his life

had not been counted by years, but by consuming griefs.

He was very wealthy, the bearer of an ancient and honourable name, yet he had for years lived the life of a recluse upon the most barren and insignificant of his many estates, forgetting, and almost forgotten by, the gay world of which in earlier years he had been the admired and courted lion.

"You are ignorant, of course, of the cause of my visit, Miss Wycherly," he at length responded in a sarcastic tone, a cynical smile gathering about his stern mouth.

"I am, indeed," said Miss Wycherly, coldly. "I am not aware that any invitation has been extended to you to come to the Castle. Be kind enough to tell me what your lordship desires!"

"I am come to spend a month with you," was the quiet reply. "You will be kind enough to order a room prepared for me. My luggage will arrive by the next train, as my man has orders to send it on."

Miss Wycherly looked surprised at this cool self-invitation of the marquis to her hospitalities, but it apparently seemed to him the most natural thing in the world, for he repeated himself, and looked out at the merry group upon the lawn.

"This is really quite unwarrantable," remarked Miss Alethea, with a puzzled look. "I have informed my guests that their number is complete, and your coming places me in a very embarrassing position."

"I don't doubt it!"

Miss Wycherly hesitated a moment, communing with herself, and then she asked:

"Do you come here, my lord, as a friend or enemy? I desire to know the terms upon which we shall stand towards each other!"

"Can you even ask?" returned the marquis, fiercely and sternly. "I come here as your enemy—your bitter, unrelenting enemy! I wish to hear no pleadings, no explanations—"

"Rest assured that I have none to offer," interrupted his hostess, calmly. "It is agreed, then, that we are enemies—that we meet for the first time in ten years as antagonists! That point settled, allow

me to ask your lordship why you have come here at all? I had hoped never to see you again!"

The marquis searched her impassive, marble-like face curiously, but even his keen gaze detected nothing like emotion under that icy exterior.

"I don't doubt you, Miss Wycherly," he said, bitterly. "But your hopes were doomed to be fruitless. You cannot dislike me more than I hate and despise you. In regard to the object of my visit, I will make some explanation. Lately, I had the exquisite pleasure of hearing your name toasted in a club-house, in presence of half a dozen wild and reckless fellows. What do you say to that?"

"Only that the individual who proposed my name did not possess very good taste!"

The marquis stared at the unmoved countenance of the lady in astonishment, and then cried:

"Then the proud and fastidious Alethea Wycherly is not at all indignant at having her name banded about over wine-cups? How are the mighty fallen! But let me tell you, madam, that I advised the gentleman to refrain in future from uttering your name—"

"Well?"

"Well! He answered that he hopes some day to have a right to speak it as often as he likes!"

"Indeed! Be kind enough, my lord, to tell me the gentleman's name!"

"Sir Wilton Werner! I see he is your guest," and the marquis turned his fierce regards from Miss Alethea to the lawn. "By what right have you invited him here?"

"My lord," returned Miss Alethea, with the air of an empress, "by what right do you question my actions? I am nothing to you, and you are nothing to me! You have chosen to intrude your unwelcome presence here, but I wish you to fully understand that I allow no interference with my actions. If Sir Wilton Werner chooses to hope that I will become his wife, that is my affair and his—not yours!"

The marquis staggered in his chair at this remark, and exclaimed, with the bitterness of despair:

"All is over between us, then, Alethea!"

Miss Alethea bowed.

"And you will not take that oath I once begged you to?" continued the marquise. "You still refuse to swear to your innocence and purity?"

"You insult me, my lord!" was the haughty reply. "You once propounded to me a singular oath, which I refused to take. I refuse it still!"

"I knew it—I knew that you were guilty! And you intend, possibly, to marry this baronet?"

"I decline stating my intentions. As you are to be an inmate of my family for a month, you will have an opportunity of judging for yourself!"

"I hate you, Alethea!" said the marquise, fiercely. "If I ever felt any other sentiment in regard to you, it is transmuted to the bitterest hate!"

Miss Wycherly bowed and smiled, provoking her visitor to the utmost exasperation.

What he would have said further was prevented by the entrance of the Lady Leopolde, who greeted him courteously, and invited him to join her guests.

He declined the invitation very politely, and the maiden answered, smiling:

"We are going to the Haunted Knoll in the park, a most romantic spot, which Aunt Alethea promised to visit with us. Excuse me, auntie," she added, "but can you not induce Lord Waldemere to join us? Sir Wilton declares himself in despair at the prospect of your remaining at home!"

The marquise looked savagely at Miss Alethea, who smiled again, and answered:

"Sir Wilton will be kind enough to excuse me this morning, dear, as Lord Waldemere has just arrived. His lordship will remain at the Castle a month, and will find many opportunities to visit the Haunted Knoll!"

The Lady Leopolde expressed her pleasure at the prospect of the marquise's lengthened stay at the Castle, his dark, proud face having interested her greatly, and she then withdrew, rejoining her guests.

"You should not allow me to interfere with your arrangements, Miss Wycherly," said the marquise, stiffly. "If you will be kind enough to give me a room, I will relieve you of my presence, and you can join your lover!"

Miss Wycherly replied by ringing the bell, and giving orders that a room should be immediately prepared for her next guest, and she then seated herself by one of the windows, while his lordship paced the floor impatiently.

They had been silent but a few minutes, Miss Alethea watching the departure of the gay group for the Haunted Knoll, when a horseman rode up the avenue towards the portico of the Castle.

"Who is he, Miss Wycherly?" asked the marquise, pausing to look from a window.

"A neighbour, my lord, who often comes to visit us," was the careless response.

Although Miss Wycherly spoke with studied carelessness, a keen observer might have seen that her breath came quicker, and that for a single moment a look of alarm appeared in her eyes.

"He your neighbour? He come here often? Oh, heaven, it is Richard Layne!" cried the marquise, clutched the window-sash.

"You are quite right, my lord!"

"I—I thought he was in Canada or Australia! And while I have been thinking of this baronet as your lover, that viper Layne has been your constant visitor!"

At this moment a servant announced to Miss Wycherly that Mr. Layne was in the drawing-room.

After a moment's hesitation, the lady ordered that he should be shown into her morning-room, which order was obeyed.

The new-comer had greeted Miss Alethea gaily before he observed the presence of the Marquis of Waldemere. On seeing him, he started, glanced from him to the lady, inquiringly, and then extended his hand to his lordship, saying:

"This is really an unexpected pleasure, my lord—"

He passed, as Lord Waldemere disregarded his outstretched hand, and bent upon him a look of bitter hatred, and with a sigh, and a flush on his cheeks, Mr. Layne turned to Miss Wycherly, who bestowed upon him one of her rare smiles.

Richard Layne was a fair-haired, fair-faced, youthful-looking man, perhaps five years younger than the Marquis of Waldemere, with a good-natured look and manner that did as much execution in its way as a superior style of beauty might have done.

As Miss Wycherly had said, he was a neighbour, having leased a small country-seat in the vicinity of the Castle nearly two years previous to his present call upon Miss Alethea, and she had found in him a treasured friend, his quick sympathies and noble heart having caused him to make earnest efforts to renew a friendship formed many years before.

Miss Alethea made an effort to entertain him on this occasion, but, conscious that every look and word of hers was noted by the marquise, she could not avoid appearing constrained.

Mr. Layne bore the burden of the conversation, relating the gossip of the neighbourhood with much vivacity, and inquiring after Miss Wycherly's guests, stating that his call was intended for them.

"I suppose, Miss Wycherly, that you will not ride to-day," he said, at length.

"Not to-day," returned Miss Alethea, with a look of disappointment, and an involuntary glance at Lord Waldemere, who arose abruptly and walked to the farther window, from which he appeared to regard the lawn intently.

It was but a pretence, for he kept a furtive watch upon his hostess, and lent a listening ear to her every word.

The marquise having thus seemingly withdrawn himself from the conversation, Mr. Layne was more at ease, and asked, in a very low tone:

"Why is he here, Alethea? You did not summon his lordship?"

Miss Alethea replied in the negative.

"Why then did he come? Did he hear that I was staying in the neighbourhood?"

"I think not, Richard. He seemed surprised when you came up the avenue."

"Then he came to alone for the past—"

"No, Richard. He came as my unrelenting enemy. He says he hates me, and I believe him!"

Richard Layne regarded Miss Alethea with a pitying expression on his boyish face.

Wiser than any of his friends and acquaintances, he knew the need that proud woman had of pity and tenderness—he knew, what Sir Wilton Werner had only suspected, that under her frozen exterior lay a volcano-like heart, always burning and never at rest.

"Richard," she said, in a whisper, with an apprehensive look at Lord Waldemere, whose scrutiny of the clock and lines appeared to deepen, "I have been detained at home to-day, as you know. Have you nothing for me?"

Richard Layne glanced also at the marquise, and then withdrew from his pocket an awkwardly folded note, with an inscription upon it in a boyish hand, which he gave to Miss Wycherly.

As she took it, Miss Alethea's face was bathed in a sudden glow of joy and tenderness, but the emotion was but transitory. The next moment she was again the marble statue.

She quickly concealed the note in her pocket, and Richard Layne, in a louder tone, as he fancied the marquise not quite oblivious to the little scene that had passed, declared that he must go, but would repeat his call on the morrow.

Miss Alethea did not venture to accompany him to the door, as she evidently longed to do, but contented herself with courteously inviting him to make his calls as frequent as heretofore, and he then departed.

Lord Waldemere did not speak until he beheld Richard Layne riding slowly down the avenue, and then he approached Miss Alethea, exclaiming:

"So, while I have been buried alive in Wales, you have been carrying on a delightful flirtation with Richard Layne! I've a good mind to expose you to the whole world, madam! You would have made Sir Wilton Werner the scapegoat of Layne! I see it all! Perhaps you intend to marry Layne!"

"I shall do as I choose about it!" responded Miss Alethea, haughtily. "What are my affairs to your lordship?"

"True—true! Nevertheless, Alethea Wycherly, I shall spoil some of your plans!" and the marquise's eyes burned fiercely upon her. "Show me the note! Give it me!"

He clutched one of her wrists in his eagerness, but Miss Wycherly drew it from his grasp, and said, in a tone that awed him:

"I shall not give you the note. It is mine, and mine alone! Since you have chosen that there shall be war between us, my lord, there shall be war to the knife! As you have forced yourself upon me as a guest, I cannot command your departure—at least, not without revealing secrets which you and I would both die rather than reveal! But cease your insults to me, and leave me alone. I was contented—even happy—until your arrival. Do not make me utterly miserable! I am sure I hate you as thoroughly as you hate me!"

She bowed profoundly and withdrew, not heeding nor hearing the groan from his lordship that followed her remarks.

Her stony demeanour did not soften until she had gained her own room and opened the note Richard Layne had given her, and then she pressed the misgiving to her lips, kissing it repeatedly, and weeping over it.

Meanwhile the Marquis of Waldemere was escorted to his room by the housekeeper, who, charmed with his rank, had placed the best apartments at his disposal.

His luggage arrived during the day, and he joined the family circle in the drawing-room before dinner,

and was introduced to the several guests by the Lady Leopolde.

He was habitually moody and melancholy, and took little trouble to render himself agreeable on this occasion, although Lady Ellen Haigh made continued efforts to interest him, and the Misses Braithwaite bestowed timid glances of admiration upon him.

"You seem greatly impressed with Lord Waldemere, Lady Ellen," said Sir Wilton Werner, as he seated himself opposite the sparkling young widow at a chess-board.

"Yes, I am impressed with him, Sir Wilton," was the frank response. "He reminds me of Lara and the Corsair, and all those terribly interesting personages. I wonder if he has ever loved!"

"I imagine his love would be like his hate—an all-absorbing passion. But I have no fancy for such gloomily romantic people, Lady Ellen. I am not fond of emotion of any kind. In fact, I like people who are like statues, with unreadable characters—"

"Then Miss Wycherly must suit you," interrupted Lady Ellen, laughingly.

Sir Wilton looked conscious at this application of his remark, but he was spared further bantering by the opportune entrance of the hostess.

Miss Wycherly was not devoted to dress, but on this occasion, while not transgressing the bounds allotted by etiquette to a hostess, she had produced a most bewildering toilet, setting off her magnificent beauty to perfection, and making herself look a very queen.

The Marquis of Waldemere started at sight of her, and then bent over a book of engravings, which completely concealed his face from observation.

Miss Alethea showed a new phase of character that evening, to the delight of Sir Wilton Werner and the rest, exhibiting a brilliancy and sparkle not inferior to the Lady Leopolde, and differing from it as the brilliancy of the cold diamond differs from the warm and sparkling glow of living fire.

She was very attractive throughout the evening, receiving the attentions of the baronet with less coldness than she usually manifested towards her suitors, and now and then addressing a pleasant remark to the marquise, who was obliged to respond with politeness. She alone noticed the storm in his eyes and the suppressed wrath in his manner, and those signs of his emotion seemed to increase her gaiety.

While the baronet devoted himself to Miss Wycherly, Lord Templecombe managed to engross the attention of the Lady Leopolde, leaving Basil Montmaur to the tender mercies of the Lady Ellen Haigh and Miss Braithwaite.

Although his cousin's manner was very kind, it gave the earl little encouragement to avow his love for her then and there, and he contented himself for that evening in loading her with studied compliments, which she received with the most cousinly good-nature.

In the course of the evening the chess-board was taken possession of by Basil Montmaur, who carried it to a distant corner, claiming the Lady Leopolde as his partner in the proposed game, and the young lovers were soon exchanging lover-like sentiments, forgetting to make any progress in their ostensible occupation.

Of all that gay party, Basil and Leopolde were the only happy ones, Miss Wycherly wearing only a mask of contentment and gaiety, the marquise being plainly moody, and the rest in a state of quiet pleasure, which was too tame for happiness.

The evening ended all too soon for the young lovers, who found, however, a minute of communion after the retirement of the guests.

Miss Alethea then retired with her niece, and Basil retreated to his room.

Lord Waldemere paced his floor a long time that evening, and looked exhausted by a severe mental conflict when he finally threw himself in his bed and tried to sleep.

At length he fell into uneasy slumbers, which were little more than a doze.

He had lain with his eyes closed in that half-awake state more than an hour, when he suddenly heard, or seemed to hear, stealthy footsteps on his floor, and felt that some one was standing beside his bed, watching him with a burning gaze.

And then he felt, or seemed to feel, warm, passionate kisses upon his face.

They had scarcely ceased when he aroused himself by a violent effort, and looked around him.

Beside himself, there was no one in the room.

He leaped from his bed, ran to the door, and looked up and down the long corridor, but found it deserted, save by the moonbeams.

"Could I have been dreaming?" he asked himself, as he returned to his bed. "What a strange subject for a dream! If some one had come in here, they could not have disappeared so quickly. If a woman gave me those kisses, I must have seen her! Yes, I must have been dreaming!"



With a deep sigh, and a sudden softening and moistening of his fierce eyes, the marquis laid his head again upon his pillow, but not to sleep.

## CHAPTER VI.

I feel  
Of this dull sickness at my heart afraid!  
And in my eyes the death-sparks flash and fade;  
And something seems to steal  
Over my bosom like a frozen hand. *Willis's Poem.*

NATALIE AFTON had grown quite calm by the time she reached the Grange, but her calmness was that of a terrible despair. From the chaos of her mind, however, had sprung up a strong and fierce resolution which was henceforth to be the guiding power of her life, and she began to brood less over the past and present, and meditate more upon the future.

As she was passing the orchard, and nearing the old-fashioned garden in front of the farm-house, her glances discovered a dark figure waiting in a patient attitude at the gate.

She recognized it as belonging to Hugh Fauld. Comprehending that he must be waiting there for her, she turned into the orchard, and stole quietly up to the side-porch of the dwelling.

She had scarcely mounted the steps when another dark figure started up from the bench, and a rough hand grasped her arm.

Natalie involuntarily uttered a cry of alarm, even though she was aware that this second figure was that of her uncle, and tried to wrest the arm from his clasp.

"Where have you been all this time, Natalie?" asked her relative, fiercely. "Hugh Fauld has waited hours for your return. Come in here!"

He drew her into the drawing-room, where Mrs. Afton, more grim than usual, still sat in state in her brocade gown, and without a sign of softening sorrow on her countenance.

She did not even look up at Natalie, being apparently absorbed in the contemplation of the lace ruffles shading her wrists.

Her son bade his niece be seated, and then roughly demanded:

"What does all this mean, Natalie? Mother tells me that you have been repeating the disgrace your mother brought upon us. Wretched girl! Is this true?"

Natalie was too miserable, too utterly heart-broken, to reply.

There was something in her uncle's roughness at that moment that more than ever grated upon her feelings, and from which she shrank as from a winter-blast.

He was a coarse sort of man, coarse and rough in speech and in manners. His niece had always shunned him, feeling instinctively that her presence was unwelcome to him, and until now he had scarcely ever addressed her.

"Silence gives consent, I suppose," continued Alick Afton, after waiting in vain for his niece to speak. "Mother says you told her you was married. Can you say that to me?"

Natalie flashed a defiant look at her uncle, and continued silent.

"Because," he said, more mildly, "if you can prove yourself a wife, even married to that fellow who took the cottage last summer, I shall be content. I did want you to marry Hugh Fauld, and so did mother, but if you've chosen a younger man than he, I've nothing to say—provided you are really married!"

Natalie made some unintelligible response.

"What is that you say?" cried her uncle. "Can you show me your marriage-certificate? Can you show me your wedding-ring? If so, you shall have my blessing instead of the curse I shall otherwise bestow upon you!"

The young girl silently extended her hand, upon one finger of which she had placed her marriage-ring.

Her uncle's brow lightened as he regarded that sacred emblem and signet, and he turned towards his mother, exclaiming:

"Why, mother, you said the girl had no ring!"

Mrs. Afton did not even then look up, but said, in a hard voice:

"Has she any other proofs?"

"Oh, grandmother!" cried the girl, in a wailing voice.

Mrs. Afton took no notice of this appeal, which might have softened any heart less stony than her own, and Alick demanded of his niece further proofs of her marriage.

"I have none other!" moaned Natalie.

"None?"

"None!"

"What is your husband's name?"

"I don't know!" was the despairing reply, the

poor girl remembering her husband's assertion that he had deceived her in regard to his name.

This answer was sufficient to re-awaken Alick Afton's wrath, and he proceeded to denounce his niece in the bitterest terms, invoking curses upon her.

"And this fellow whom you claim as your husband, and whose name you do not know, has been in the habit of coming up here to visit you often since last summer," I don't doubt," Alick declared. "He must think the Afton women base and vile after hearing your mother's history, and finding you so like her. Let me tell you, miss, you cannot carry on this affair longer beneath this roof. We will not harbour you another day!"

"Hear me, uncle——"

"Don't call me 'uncle.' Do not claim any longer the name you have doubly disgraced. Leave the Grange, and seek your lover, wherever he may be. We don't want you here!"

The young wife arose, threw off her pleading air, and, with flashing eyes and defiant voice, answered:

"I will go. I know you do not want me here—you never did! You have always hated and neglected me. As I told grandmother to-night, it is no wonder I was eager to accept the love elsewhere that was never offered me at home. If you have never positively ill-treated me, grandmother and uncle Alick, you have never given me as many kind words as you have given your old house-dog. I have grown up by myself. A servant taught me to read and write, and what else I know I learned myself—until he came. If I have done wrong, you are as much to blame as I!"

Mrs. Afton looked at her son as though she were a martyr. She really believed herself the most noble and self-sacrificing of women, in having bestowed upon her daughter's child food, clothing, and shelter. That she should demand also kindness and affection seemed almost preposterous.

"But I can explain about my marriage," resumed Natalie, with drooping head. "If you will——"

"We don't wish to hear it!" interrupted her uncle, harshly. "All we desire is to be relieved of your presence. We will not have you here to provoke gossip among the servants and villagers. They suspect something as it is, and have raked up anew your mother's disgrace!"

"Very well," said the young girl, proudly. "I will go in the morning!"

"And so show yourself to the servants and the people at the railway station, and set them wondering as to the cause of your going? No, girl, you go to-night—now!"

He pointed threateningly at the door, and Natalie with a proud, firm step walked towards it.

She paused at the threshold, looking back upon the grim old woman in her arm-chair, toying with her laces, and cried in anguished tones:

"Don't send me away with your curse, grandmother. For my mother's sake, give me one kind look before I go!"

The plea was unfortunate. Anything asked in the name of her dead daughter was sure to meet with a refusal from that unforgiving old woman, and she did not even vouchsafe a glance at her grand-child.

"Come, off with you!" cried Alick. "We never want to see or hear from you again. Don't think we shall ever help you in any distress that may come upon you. There is enough to take you to London!"

He tossed her a couple of gold pieces, but they fell upon the floor at Natalie's feet. She spurned them with a proud gesture, and crossed the threshold, going down the garden-walk to the gate.

She heard the door close angrily after her, and, realizing that she was now homeless and friendless, she staggered forward, eager to leave these scenes behind her.

But she was not utterly friendless.

As she reached the gate, a pair of strong hands clasped hers, and an arm was then stretched out to support her, and a voice said:

"Oh, Natalie, I cannot understand what your grandmother means. Tell me, do you love the stranger who took the valley cottage last summer?"

"Hugh Fauld!" cried the young wife, ignoring the question in her awe and fear of the questioner. "Why are you waiting here?"

Hugh Fauld looked long and earnestly in her face, sighing deeply as he did so.

As seen in the moonlight he was a tall, stalwart man, the beau-ideal of an English farmer of middle age in general appearance, yet his strongly-marked face showed many lines indicative of a fine and noble character and a generous soul.

As has been said, he had been many years in the habit of visiting Mrs. Afton, despite the gossiping comments of the neighbours, and, though Natalie knew it not, she was his chief attraction to Afton Grange.

Yet, singularly enough, he had always been re-

markably quiet and reserved with her, never allowing her to even suspect the state of his feelings towards her until now. He had spent many hours in studying her character, and had grown to consider her the choicest specimen of womanhood he had ever seen, and the one who would do most honour to his name.

"I have been waiting for you, Natalie," he answered her. "I knew you had returned home, for I saw you steal across the garden a few minutes since. A moment more, and I should have entered the house. Did you come out to speak with me?"

"No, Hugh. I came out because the Grange is no longer my home!"

"They have turned you out then, poor lamb?" and Hugh Fauld drew the girl closer to him. "Is it because you will not marry me?"

"Not that alone!"

"Because they shall not trouble you on my account, Natalie! I own I love you," and Hugh's strong voice took a sobbing tone, "but no one shall urge that love upon you. But if you could only love me in return, Natalie, you would make me the happiest man in the universe!"

"I am very sorry, Hugh," faltered the girl. "I did not suspect you loved me. It is hard to love twice, and both times vainly——"

"You know, then, that I loved your mother? Poor Amy! It was but a boyish fancy after all that I felt for her. The best love of my life, the strong, pure love of my manhood, was reserved for Amy's daughter. Oh, Natalie, I have loved you since you were a little shy child, shrinking from every one as if their natures were too coarse for yours to touch, and I have often longed to take you in my arms and tell you you had one true friend. But I could not do it then. Have I waited too long, Natalie?"

The girl bowed silently.

"Then you love this young stranger?" and Hugh's voice grew stronger. "Has he ever talked to you of marriage?"

"Didn't grandmother tell you?" asked Natalie. "I am already married, Hugh!"

The farmer reeled as if smitten a heavy blow, and said, huskily:

"She did not tell me that. She hinted vaguely at some disgrace which you had brought upon her, but she did not say that you were for ever lost to me! When were you married?"

"Last summer, Hugh!"

"And where?"

"At Falconbridge—ten miles from here!"

"This Elmer Keyes, then, of the valley cottage, is your husband?"

"We were married in church, Hugh, by special license, and Elmer called me his wife!" responded Natalie, leaning heavily upon her supporter. "But I am almost wild. There is no Elmer Keyes—for that was but an assumed name. I have been duped, and he says I am not legally his wife. Oh, Hugh, what shall I do?"

"When did he tell you this?" cried Hugh, in quick, startled tones.

"I got the letter to-day—a cruel, wicked letter. Can you read it?"

She searched in her pocket and bosom for the letter, which she handed to the farmer.

His honest face flushed hotly, and his eyes flashed indignantly as he read it through to the signature, and then he cried:

"The pitiful hound! Whoever he is, I only wish I had him between my two hands this minute!"

"Oh, don't, Hugh!" exclaimed Natalie, with a shiver.

"Do you love him yet, Natalie?"

"I do not know. It isn't easy to leave off loving all in a moment, Hugh, yet sometimes I think I hate him. And then, again, the past comes over me, and I feel my old love come back."

"You see he disowns you, my poor child, and if you go to him he will but turn you away. Suppose there was some flaw in your marriage, what will you do?"

"I don't know!"

"If your marriage proves to have been illegal, you will have no claim upon Keyes," said Hugh, gravely, and with a world of tenderness in his tones. "Your relatives have cast you off. Oh, my little houseless lamb, come to my arms, and let me shield and comfort you. Let me make you the honoured mistress of Fauld Farm, the honoured wife of its master!"

"Would you do that, Hugh, if I am proved to be no wife at all?" cried the girl, eagerly.

"Yes, Natalie, proudly and gladly. You were deceived. You thought yourself a wife, at any rate, and I pity more than blame you. Do as this Keyes advises. Marry me, and let me make you happy."

He drew her sunny head to his breast, and would have pressed his lips to her forehead, but the girl started up from his embrace, with an air of wisely dignity, saying:

"You forget, Hugh. My marriage has not yet

been disproved. I have not yet given up my claim upon Elmer Keyes—my husband. I cannot receive your caresses, nor listen further to your declarations of love!"

Despite the pain these words caused him, Hugh Fauld could not help admiring the conduct of Natalie, and with an air of greater deference and respect, he said:

"Be it as you say, Natalie. Words are not needed to assure you that you can rely upon my affection and friendship. Tell me what you propose to do?"

"My first step must be to visit the church at Falconbridge, and examine the register. With a copy of the record of my marriage, I will then seek my husband."

This seemed to Hugh the most straightforward course that could be adopted, and he inquired if Natalie knew the whereabouts of Keyes.

"I only know that his post-office address is London," she answered. "It may be hard to find, but I don't despair of eventual success."

Hugh Fauld was tempted to repeat his protestations of love, in view of her possible failure, but that gentle look of dignity restrained him, and he spoke instead of a love that is more tender and powerful than human affection, and of divine sympathy extended always to the sorrowing and stricken in heart.

She struggled to uproot the love which had been a part of her being, but she could not utterly destroy it. She felt that, could she see him face to face, Elmer could not resist her pleadings, and would take back his cruel words and acknowledge her as his wife.

He bade Natalie proceed to the road where he would take her up, unseen by any member of his family, and then drove down the lane, to the point of the road agreed upon.

Here he took Natalie into the waggon beside him, and they were soon progressing rapidly towards Falconbridge.

Both were silent on the way, but as they approached the small village where Natalie had been married, Hugh earnestly entreated her to make use of his friendship, as if he were her brother or father.

It was past sunrise when they drove up to the sexton's cottage, and they succeeded in gaining ingress to the church without delay, and after some conversation with the proper officials, were favoured with a view of the church register.

With trembling hands Natalie turned the leaves, seeking the proper date.

"I cannot find it!" she said, at last, with an imploring look at Hugh.

"Let me look," said the clerk, stepping forward.

"What date do you want?"

"The 12th of August, of last year."

The clerk turned the leaves briskly for several minutes, and then said:

"This is very strange. There seems to be no entry for the month of August! Ah, I see! A leaf has been subtracted! Who could have done it?"

He pointed to a fragment of the missing leaf, and looked around wonderingly, as if an invisible hand had taken it.

Natalie and Hugh exchanged glances full of meaning, and the latter said:

"It is very singular that a leaf should be missing, but perhaps the clergyman may remember the marriage in question."

"The clergyman who was here last year is dead," answered the clerk. "This leaf must have been torn out months ago, but who could have done it I can't imagine!"

He would have entered into a long debate on the mystery of the torn leaf, but Hugh turned away, conducting Natalie from the church, after depositing an ample gratuity in the hands of the clerk and sexton.

"Elmer destroyed that leaf, Hugh!" said the girl, as they paused in the churchyard. "He has carefully obliterated all evidence of our marriage! I have a hard task before me, but I do not shrink from it. I must leave you here. If I ever need you, I will not hesitate to call upon you. I have plenty of money, and you need have no fears for me!"

She would have gone away alone, but Hugh kept at her side until they reached the railway station, begging to be allowed to accompany her on her perilous journey.

"No, Hugh," she said, with an air of decision; "I must go alone. It may be that I can prevail upon Elmer to do me justice yet. I could not have loved him if he had been all bad!" she added, sadly.

Hugh waited at the station with her until the train approached, purchased her ticket for her, and enjoined her to keep him informed of her movements.

"I will not promise!" she answered. "You shall never see me again unless I can clear my name, Hugh, and prove myself an honest woman. I have a double task before me—of clearing my own and my mother's fair fame! Until I can do both, and declare the name which was mine by right of birth, and that I ought

to wear now by right of marriage, I must be lost to you and every one!"

These words rang in Hugh's ears, for they were the last she spoke to him.

The train swept into the station, Natalie entered the carriage, and Hugh Fauld then groaned bitterly as she was carried away on her perilous mission.

Had he seen her for the last time?

(To be continued.)

## THE NAVY.

A DETAILED statement of the ships which compose the fleets of England and France may be interesting, and the hint to Sir J. Pakington will be worth his consideration. Every one will thus be enabled at a glance to form a correct idea of the dangers which menace us from that quarter in consequence of our marked inferiority in armour protection, ships, guns, and speed:—

### ENGLISH FLEET OF 1867.

Names of ships.	Guns protected.	Thickness of armour.		Speed. Knots.
		Inch.		
Warrior .....	26	4½	14	14.3
Black Prince .....	26	4½	13	13.6
Achilles .....	26	4½	14	14.3
Minotaur .....	26	5½	15	15
Northumberland .....	26	5½	15	15
Agincourt .....	30	5½	15	15
Caledonia .....	30	4½	13	13
Royal Oak .....	45	4½	12.5	12.5
Prince Consort .....	31	4½	13	13
Ocean .....	23	4½	13	13
Royal Alfred .....	14	4½ and 6	13	13
Lord Clyde .....	24	4½ and 5½	13	13
Lord Warden .....	24	4½ and 5½	13	13
Zealous .....	16	4½	12.5	12.5
Hector .....	20	4½	12.3	12.3
Valiant .....	24	4½	11.5	11.5
Resistance .....	14	4½	11.25	11.25
Defence .....	14	4½	11.25	11.25
Bellerophon .....	14	6	13	13
Hercules .....	12	6 and 9	13	13
Penelope .....	12	6	13	13
Monarch .....	4	6	13	13
Royal Sovereign .....	5	5½	11	11
Prince Albert .....	4	4½	11	11
Pallas .....	6	4½	12.5	12.5
Favourite .....	8	4½	11	11
Research .....	4	4½	10	10
Enterprise .....	4	4½	9.5	9.5
Scorpion .....	4	4½ and 3	8	8
Wivern .....	4	4½ and 3	8	8
Viper .....	4	4½	9	9
Vixen .....	4	4½	9	9
Waterwitch .....	4	4½	8	8

### FRENCH FLEET OF 1867.

Ocean .....	16	8	14	14
Friedland .....	16	8	14	14
Marengo .....	16	8	14	14
Solferrino .....	50	4½	14	14
Magenta .....	50	4½	14	14
Couronne .....	30	4½	13.5	13.5
Heroine .....	30	6	14	14
Gloire .....	28	4½	13.5	13.5
Invincible .....	28	4½	13.5	13.5
Normandie .....	24	4½	13.5	13.5
Flandre .....	30	6	14.3	14.3
Gauloise .....	30	6	14.3	14.3
Guyenne .....	30	6	14.3	14.3
Magnanime .....	30	6	14.3	14.3
Provence .....	30	6	14.3	14.3
Revanche .....	30	6	14	14
Événement .....	30	6	14	14
Surveillante .....	30	6	14	14
Valeur .....	30	6	14	14
Belliqueuse .....	12	6	12	12
Atalanta .....	12	6	12	12
Jeune d'Arc .....	12	6	12	12
L'Alma .....	12	6	12	12
La Reine Blanche .....	12	6	12	12
Thetis .....	12	6	12	12
Armide .....	12	6	12	12
Indienne .....	12	6	12	12
Taurau .....	1	8	13	13
Belier .....	1	8	13	13
Bulldog .....	1	8	13	13
Cerber .....	1	8	13	13
Paixhan .....	12	4½	7	7
Palestro .....	12	4½	7	7
Poi-ho .....	12	4½	7	7
Saigon .....	12	4½	7	7
Arrogante .....	10	4½	7.5	7.5
Implacable .....	10	4½	7.5	7.5
Opiniâtre .....	10	4½	7.5	7.5
Embuscade .....	8	4½	7	7
Imprenable .....	8	4½	7	7
Protectrice .....	8	4½	7	7
Réfuge .....	8	4½	7	7

SMUGGLING MANCHESTER GOODS INTO SPAIN.—The different plans and modes of smuggling English goods (mostly Manchester cotton cloths, not of fine texture) have been innumerable in Spain, and they will continue to be numerous and ingenious as long as the present tariff exists. As regards these goods it is almost prohibitory, and therefore they are the merchandize most often smuggled. The approved plan some time ago, says our consul at Cadiz, was to enter a large cargo of goods under the name of coarse linen textures (on which the duty is very moderate comparatively), amongst which bales these cotton shirtings had been intermixed with the linen or fine canvass, &c. It then became a simple question of inducing the Spanish custom-house officer who examined the goods not to perceive the difference of the fabrics.

## DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

GOOD servants are very rare, and very difficult to obtain, it is true. But society is at no pains to educate those on whom much of its comfort and domestic happiness depends.

Like Topsy, a good servant, if questioned as to her antecedents, would often be induced to answer, "I spec I growed," for the village school at which she was educated, and from which she went to service, possessed neither the means nor the appliances to instruct her in the merest rudiments of her trade or to educate her for the vocation which she has since only half learnt to fill. She has had, perhaps, the advantage of being placed under a good servant, who has taught her all she knows; but there are comparatively few establishments well regulated enough, and under competent supervision, to make desirable schools of service for young girls, who enter them without any previous instruction in the branch of service which they undertake to perform.

It appears to us that it might be otherwise if those most interested in the matter would put their shoulders to the wheel. It is the interest of society to provide a remedy for an abuse which has sprung in a great measure from the changing phases of its own machinery, which are more than surface deep, and which involve other radical changes, which it has not in all cases provided to meet.

The increased facility of locomotion, the ever-increasing demand for the material, the temptations offered for emigration, and the indifference of parents in the training of their children in the habits of cleanliness, industry, and in the practice of the strict morality which can alone turn out good servants; and, above all, the "Servants' Register Offices" are among the causes of the evil, which daily gains ground in our day.

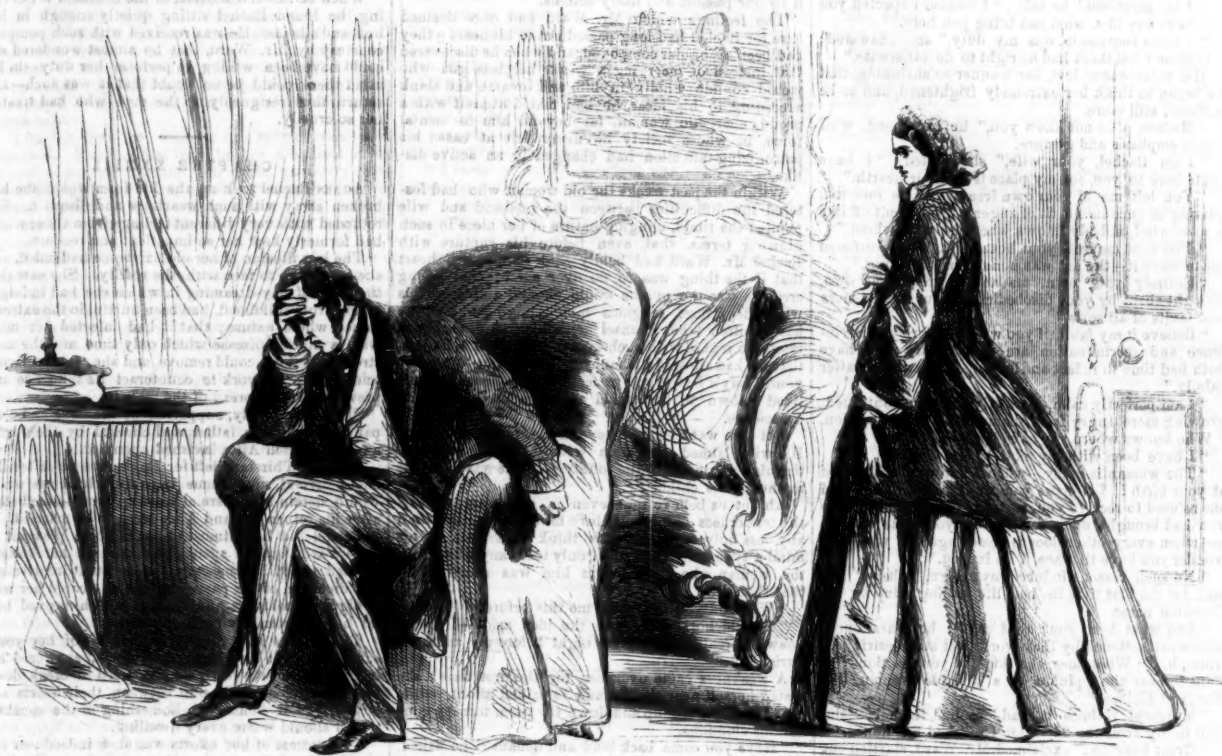
The resemblance, indeed, which these latter abominations bear to a Negro slave market is an abuse which the members of a highly civilized community might confess with a blush. Here we see rows upon rows of young women presented for inspection, and offering their services for the highest bid, without any pledge given or received for the performance of duties undertaken, or of responsibilities incurred, either on the one side or the other.

What respectable mother would care to see her innocent, rosy-cheeked daughter, whose fresh country beauty would be her greatest temptation, take her stand among these tawdry damsels, to run the risk of which an engagement entered into at such a place must entail? And as such a mother naturally objects to submit her daughter to the degradation implied, we are on our parts unable to resort to any organized means to procure a servant from a respectable home, for whose well-doing, and for the purity of the moral atmosphere into which she would be translated, we would willingly on our sides be held bound and responsible.

Training-schools for children and young girls, on a sufficiently large scale to supply the demand of respectable householders, established in each county and town of any size or note in England, and which should not be allowed in any case to embrace either the pauper or the criminal element, would if supported (as we believe they would be) afford a continual supply of trained girls and women, who would carry out with them, as a guarantee of efficiency in their several departments, certificates to that effect, which, with an estimate of the amount of wage to be demanded, would be signed by the members of the committee appointed to examine and to appraise the qualifications of the pupils about to go out into the world.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

IMPORTS OF BONES.—Baron Liebig, some time since, energetically protested against England's consuming such an enormous quantity of bones, but the imports last year amounted, nevertheless, to 74,302 tons, and in some years they have reached nearly 85,000 tons. They are principally used for manure and for charcoal for the sugar-refiners.





## THIRSTANE.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

THE party returned to London, and Rachel nerved herself to seek the interview with her husband which would decide her future.

She did not allow him to be sent for. By her pride she had erred; it should be humbled, and even if he exulted in the triumph which he might consider himself to have gained, it would make no difference to her now.

She would not permit her father to accompany her; it was better that she should meet her husband entirely alone, that every recollection of the conference might be buried between their two hearts.

It is a singular thing, but very often, in some momentous crisis, the mind is as composed as if an every-day affair were in question, and one is astonished to find that the event which has for weeks been anticipated with anxiety, and which was expected to shake the very centre of being when it does arrive, finds the heart tranquil and unable to realize that an hour of trial or danger is passing.

So when the carriage stopped before the house where she had spent a year that lengthened like half a life-time, as she looked back at it, Rachel felt perfectly quiet, and prepared for any turn that her destiny might take.

When the door opened, and the servant saw her standing upon the threshold, he could only look in blank astonishment, and Rachel passed into the hall, and was half way up the stairs before he had time to reflect that he might have seriously offended his master by permitting her entrance.

No event ever transpires in a house that those stern judges of our conduct, the domestics—of whom we have scarcely thought, except as mere machines—are not perfectly acquainted with its most minute details, and pass censure accordingly.

Hence, not a servant in the establishment but knew perfectly well that there was a difficulty between Mr. Ward and his wife, and that she had left his roof in consequence.

They remembered the day when he returned and found her gone, sought her through the house with an anxiety which changed to passion when he was informed that she had taken her departure several hours before.

Since that time they had waited to see what would come next, and Mr. Ward, who in every relation of life regarded himself as a modern Sphynx, would have

been struck dumb with astonishment and wrath could he have known how every change in his face was remarked and commented on by his dependants.

The man who opened the door did not recover his presence of mind until his mistress had disappeared through the upper hall; then he hastened with speed into the basement, to communicate the wonderful tidings to his fellows, who were overwhelmed with surprise as great as that which had paralyzed his usually active inquisitiveness, and which might, on a less momentous occasion, have prompted him to listen at the door of the room she entered.

Rachel passed quickly through the hall, and opened the door of the library. She paused a moment on the threshold, and saw her husband sitting by the fire, his head bowed upon his hand, upon his face a mingled expression of sternness, pain, and above all, self-righteous approval, which plainly betrayed the nature of his thoughts.

In truth, the past week had been a more restless and gloomy period than Mr. Ward remembered for a long time.

At first, anger against his wife had supported him; the few intimate friends whom he called in to solace his solitude fostered that sentiment, but after a season other reflections intruded, and he could not force them away.

The house appeared very lonely; he had grown accustomed to the pleasant associations a female presence gives, and as he wandered about the desolate rooms a cheerfulness and beauty had gone out of them which formerly he would never have ascribed to his wife's influence, but which had nevertheless, in some mysterious way, timed their departure with hers.

Recollections of his harshness and injustice would also arise, and though he attempted to quiet them by the words obedience, Christian obligation, a husband's right to command, a wife's duty to obey, still they fastened themselves upon his mind, and in spite of the firm belief he had in his own infallibility and the entire rectitude of his actions, they made him wish that he had been a little less hasty: reason, well-asserted authority, might at length have subdued her.

It was too late now; she was gone, and by her own act had forfeited all right to his forgiveness or protection.

He would have patience a little longer: an answer might yet reach him from Miss Holmes; after he had judged of that, some decisive step must be taken.

Separation—divorce!

Those two most dangerous aids which human beings can snatch at had been suggested by his dowager adviser and her spectacled ally.

For the sake of the woman's Christian credit, I will not stop here to consider how much the fact of her possessing a niece who had been marriageable for the last ten years had to do with the advice which she offered.

He had dwelt upon the significance of those words until the idea was familiar to his mind, and the shock with which they must at first strike the hardest heart had been forgotten.

Separation—divorce! He had in the outbreak of passion which wrecked his home, threatened his wife with those terrible images, but he had not himself reflected on their force, or uttered them with deeper meaning than that given by his rage.

There he sat over his piling fire, and meditated upon those words and the entire breaking up of his old life which their action would bring about. He must do nothing rashly; he would consult other friends; converse with his parson; he needed the approval of religion upon his side, and as he was a useful pillar in his church it was not likely to be refused.

Ah, when men employ Christian precepts only as a cloak to hide their deeds from their consciences, they have fallen into a terrible snare!

Rachel stood in the doorway, watching him, and able to comprehend his reflections. He had heard the sound of her entrance, but supposing that it was a servant upon some errand, had not turned his head, although he instinctively drew his form a little more erect, that he might not appear to be lost in any engrossing thought.

When he heard neither step nor voice, he wheeled his chair to command a view of the door, that he might learn the cause of the intrusion, and found himself face to face with his wife.

For a moment neither spoke; he was speechless with astonishment, and unable sufficiently to collect his thoughts, to decide upon any mode of action, and Rachel leaned her head against the door-post, regarding him with the wistful look and earnest eyes which had of late haunted him more frequently than was pleasant. Then she moved forward, closed the door behind her, and advanced into the room.

"You are surprised to see me," she said, in a low voice, for the very atmosphere of the apartment oppressed her, and seemed to forge more deeply upon her soul than ever the chains she had for a season cast aside. "You did not expect me here."

Mr. Ward roused himself at her words; all his hardness of character came back. She had returned of her own accord; she acknowledged herself in the wrong, and as he lacked the nobility of soul which would have made him honour her humility, he prepared himself to

be the stern judge he had appeared during the whole of their married life.

"I am surprised," he said; "I neither expected you nor have any idea what can bring you here."

"I came because it was my duty," she answered; "because I felt that I had no right to do otherwise."

Her voice was so low, her manner so shrinking, that he began to think her extremely frightened, and so he stiffened still more.

"Madam, I do not know you," he exclaimed, with tragic emphasis and gesture.

"I am Rachel, your wife," she replied; "I have come back to you, for my place is by your hearth."

"You left me of your own free will," he retorted, passing at once into a fit of anger; "you went off like a whirlwind, nobody knows where, or with whom."

"You sent me from your house, Mr. Ward—ordered me to leave it—the act was none of my choosing."

"Entirely your own, madam, entirely your own, brought about by your disobedience, your recklessness and faults of all sorts."

"Believe it my fault, if you will, but surely this violence and recrimination are unnecessary; we have both had time to reflect and look upon the whole matter calmly."

"I am perfectly calm, perfectly so!" he continued, growing more angry from shame of his own passion.

"Who knows where you have been—"

"I have been with my mother, Mr. Ward."

"The woman is crazy—when I know that she died at your birth! I suppose you went to your aunt, and she refused to receive you, cast you off for the shame you had brought upon her, and so you come back to me when every other door is closed against you—I wonder you have the face, I do indeed."

"No such reasons induced my return, Robert," she said, for the first time in her life calling him by his Christian name.

"And what does your aunt say?" he questioned, somewhat softened by that word, yet still desiring to triumph. "What does she think of your actions? I want to hear the opinion of a sensible woman like Margaret Holmes."

"Margaret Holmes is dead," replied Rachel; "she died in my arms the day after I reached her house."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Ward, startled out of every feeling but astonishment. "Your aunt dead!"

"She was my mother," said Rachel; "but we never knew it until she was dying."

Mr. Ward rose to his feet—horror gave place to religious indignation.

"Miss Holmes your mother—you a nameless—" he broke off, choking with passion. "And you dare to bring your mother's shame here in addition to your own! Miss Holmes's daughter—my wife—no, you are not my wife! I always thought there was something strange! A pretty story truly."

"Speak no wrong against my mother—she was innocent of the fault which you ascribe to her; for her other errors, she was punished enough—my mother was John Sherwin's wife."

Mr. Ward sank back in his seat, staring at her with all his might, and wondering if he could be awake and this thing true.

"His wife—his father?"

"He is."

"Your name was Holmes—you were her niece! What story is this you have trumped up to deceive me?"

"Did I ever tell you a falsehood, Mr. Ward? The truth of my words you can easily learn. If you choose to hear my mother's history from me."

He motioned her to go on, and in a few clear words she repeated the story of her mother's secret marriage, her jealousy, the parting from her husband and after insanity, which made her believe her own child dead and that in Rachel she was caring for the daughter of her injured cousin.

Mr. Ward was plunged into a state of astonishment unparalleled in his memory. So many thoughts rushed into his mind that it was a blind chaos. One reflection stood out prominent—his wife, as the acknowledged daughter of Mr. Sherwin, was a very different personage indeed from the friendless creature he had cast off but a little while before.

Then Rachel told her own story—the feelings with which she had left his house—her mother's death, and the iron resolution which his harsh letter had roused in her mind.

"Then I don't know why you have come," he exclaimed, waxing angry afresh from his very wonderment and consternation. "Don't think I am to be influenced by your father's position; I am a religious man, I have money enough of my own, I am not to be actuated by any of the feelings which would move ordinary men."

Rachel went close to him, and laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"I came for the sake of our unborn child," she said, in a solemn voice. "When I knew that I was to be

a mother, my whole heart changed—my child must not live to reproach either of us with having wronged it by our passion and hasty actions."

The feelings which Mr. Ward had once deemed love for Rachel had long passed out of his heart; they had been a singular compound, and when he discovered that, instead of marrying a weak, helpless girl who would confide wholly in him and breathe and think according to his ideas, he had mated himself with a proud, energetic woman, far beyond him in mental force, in whose society he never felt at ease; his patronizing affection had changed to an active dislike.

Within the past weeks the old woman who had fostered the difficulties between the husband and wife painted the timid, clinging nature of her niece in such glowing terms, that, even before his rupture with Rachel Mr. Ward had boldly said to his own heart that if the thing was to do over again, that young creature was the one he would choose, and since his wife's departure, religious man though he was, he had so often taken counsel with his friend, and been taught to regard with such favour the idea of a divorce, that he had allowed his fancy to dwell more upon the young lady's image and perfection than he would have liked known to the world or commented on by his conscience.

But here was a change beyond the power of belief. His wife claimed connection with one of the most distinguished families in the county, and she was to be the mother of his child!

Ah, let us believe that even in that narrow heart the tenderness of parental love moved him more than any less holy feeling—let us think that even in his mind a type which has, alas! only too many likenesses, the woman who stood before him was sanctified by that thought.

"Why did you never tell me this before?"

"I could not—I had put the idea aside—I never knew its reality until the night before my mother's burial."

A weakness came over her for the first time; she seated herself near the fire and remained silent, while Mr. Ward walked up and down the room torn by conflicting emotions.

"Have you come back bold and defiant?" he asked, at length. "Do you think to play the tyrant, armed with this new power over me?"

After her humility, after that last revelation, he could insult her thus cruelly! But the pride which would once have flamed up at such words only flickered and was quenched under the holier influences which bedewed her heart.

"I beg your pardon where I have erred," she said; "I have had no thought which I should fear to acknowledge—for the sake of our child, perhaps for my own, I should never have asked it, but for the baby's sake I ask you to receive me as your wife again."

Mr. Ward paused directly before her, straightened his form to its most majestic stature, and sought for a pompous phrase that should answer his purpose.

"You can remain here," he said; "in the eyes of the world you shall be my wife. You never loved me, madam, never."

"Nor did I deceive you by false promises," she replied; "you came to me when I was feeble in body and mind from a long sickness; you told me that you desired no romantic affection, and with that understanding I became your wife."

"So be it then! But I do demand wifely duty and submission."

"Both you shall have! I will do everything in my power to make your home pleasant; I will put by my own dreams and wishes, but I ask you to be patient with me, not to judge me harshly or without understanding my motives."

"I comprehend my duty, Mrs. Ward, and I shall perform it, as I have done from the first."

She made no answer. When she decided to complete the work of self-abnegation, she had seen clearly what lay before her; his conduct neither surprised nor revolted her.

"And young Thirstane is to marry your cousin?" he said.

"I have told you the whole; upon that subject, Mr. Ward, you cannot, you shall not, insult me!"

She said it with a quiet determination that had its effect.

"I shall never recur to the past," he answered; "what the future will be depends upon your own actions. Did your father know that you were coming here?"

"He did."

"And undoubtedly he considered it your duty?"

"Yes, he believed it my duty," she answered.

He felt a new sense of triumph at that, but made no reply to her words.

"Let everything go back to its old footing," he said; "I forgive what has gone by."

They were hard words to hear from the man who should have been suing to her for pardon, harder

still from the patronizing manner, the unforgiving tone of delivery.

When Mr. Sherwin came, in the course of the evening, he found Rachel sitting quietly enough in her husband's house. He was received with such pompous courtesy by Mr. Ward, that he almost wondered she could have been willing to perform her duty—in his mind there could be no doubt that it was such—and return thus resignedly to the man who had treated her so cruelly.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

AGAIN Rachel took up the life from which she had broken away with such weariness and disgust. She returned with very different feelings from those which had formerly kept her so impatient and restless.

The last illusion of her old existence had faded, and she stood face to face with the reality. She saw that the habit of day-dreaming in which she had indulged almost from childhood, had been hurtful in the extreme to her whole nature; that it had infected her mind with a morbid disease which only time and the most strenuous efforts could remove, and she set herself conscientiously to work to counteract its influence and prevent further spread of the malady.

She lived quietly, supported by the love and companionship of her father, and cheered by the tender affection which Alice lavished upon her.

Leonard Thirstane left for England soon after Rachel's arrival, upon some important business which would detain him there at least a year; immediately after his return, he and Alice were to be married.

Rachel did her utmost to make home pleasant to Mr. Ward, but he spent little time in her society. He had ceased in a measure the constant interference and dictation of the past year, but he treated her with a dignified coldness and reserve, which proved how far he was from having forgiven her.

The old fire and the haughty spirit of her youth came back, but Rachel checked them, answered her fretfulness with sweet patience, tried to break down the icy barrier which shut between their hearts and brighten their home with something of the sunshine which should warm every dwelling.

The success of her efforts was slow indeed; so imperceptible that a less resolute woman would have despaired; but Rachel was animated by the one thought which had cast an influence so holy over her nature, and she never faltered in her course.

One fortunate circumstance occurred; the old dowager upon whose judgment Mr. Ward had always so greatly depended, and who had been very instrumental in disturbing the peace of their married life, had risen in deadly enmity against him.

She was so enraged at the turn affairs had taken, and at the failures of her schemes for her niece's aggrandizement, that when she learned Mr. Ward had become reconciled to his wife—a fact of which he wanted courage to inform her—she fell upon his character with the utmost malignity, and much as she abused Rachel, made her appear an angel in comparison with the diabolical wickedness she ascribed to him.

She drew off with her several of his former friends. Mr. Ward was a shade less unbearable.

Nothing could ever materially change the character of the man; but as soon as he left her in comparative peace, Rachel would endure everything else. Of course he delivered sermons after the old fashion, looked reprovingly at the very clock if it chanced to interrupt him by striking, and tyrannized as was his nature to do.

Many things which it had seemed difficult for Rachel to support looked very differently now. Life itself had so changed, her old gloominess and unrest, her constant questionings of the future—all were lost in the new and beautiful hope which crowned the days.

Of the love that existed between the father and daughter I have scarcely spoken; I find it difficult to give any description which should approach the reality.

For nearly half a life, John Sherwin had been a lonely, disappointed man, with no joys except such as he made for himself out of his goodness and charitable acts; for years constantly agitated by the hope that Margaret might one day relent, might be induced to believe again in the heart she had so wronged. No change came but blank despair, or what would have been such in almost any other nature, but which in his grew a sacred suffering. He knew that he had nothing more to hope or fear—his own child would never know him—he must wait until the grandeur of eternity swept all earthly troubles away, before the desolation of his life could be swept away.

On a sudden, when there seemed the least light, it had pleased heaven to change everything. True, Margaret was dead, but she died folded to his heart, with his name on her lips, and the tenderness of that parting removed all its pain. He could think of her now as



watching over him, sharing every thought, waiting only till the angel of death should unite them again.

All the long-sealed tenderness of his nature burst forth upon his child. He found her surrounded by duties which in a measure interrupted their content; but even to see her, to sit by her, to talk of her mother, to call her by every endearing epithet which love could suggest, was, perhaps, happiness when compared to the anguish and deep night which had gone before.

That his love met with a full return cannot be doubted. For the first time in her life, Rachel had found some one to whom she could go freely with each thought and care, resting her soul upon his great tenderness, and feeling every trial lessened in his sympathy and the holy counsels which he gave.

That she still must have had many painful hours is unquestionable; that the yoke which had once so severely galled her spirit must at times have pressed heavily down, I do not deny; but she had her father's affection as a safeguard, his breast as a place of refuge, and besides those, the beautiful hope that brightened the future.

One by one her friends gathered about her; there had been much vague scandal, many stories, of which no listener or retailer could make anything; but in the end it settled down into the belief that Mrs. Ward had been called away to her mother's death-bed, and that her husband's former counsellors—the old dowager and her familiars—had magnified and distorted that truth into the varied shapes it had taken.

Mrs. Meredith had not arrived at the time of Rachel's return; but when she did come, she flew to greet her friend with all her former love and admiration.

Her partiality for Rachel induced her to end the old dowager's malign reports against Mr. Ward, as some forgotten weakness of the Gorgon's past life was known to her, and the dowager, finding herself in the toils, was glad to compound for mercy by holding her tongue.

Yet in spite of Mrs. Meredith's energy in checking the reports, it must be acknowledged that she compensated herself by laughing mightily at the idea of Mr. Ward's failings, and never ceased annoying him by her affected fear of his wickedness.

She really did a great deal towards keeping him in order by her jests and sarcasms; he grew quite afraid of her, and yet she so artfully flattered his weaknesses that for the soul of him he could not take refuge in dislike. Her love and admiration for Rachel had grown into the strongest friendship of her life, and there was no fear that time or change could in the slightest degree affect it.

"I shall hold fast to you," she said frequently; "you are my dream—my ideal—I cannot afford to lose you."

She was a perfect sunbeam to Rachel, and intercourse with her frank and noble, yet somewhat worldly nature was precisely the companionship Rachel needed to counteract the effect of her visionary tendencies.

Between Rachel and Alice there existed a deep love and confidence which nothing would ever again mar. Both had been all their lives with no ties of kindred which bound them to those of their own age, and it was pleasant to have found so unexpectedly relationship where years and taste united to make it doubly happy.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

For a time Rachel's pencil remained idle; but, as she grew more settled and quiet, the old desire to be at work returned.

It is quite probable that Mr. Ward might have put insuperable obstacles in the way, and prevented any continuation of such labours, had it not been for a conversation between him and her father. He really had a profound respect for Mr. Sherwin.

Mr. Ward venerated position as much as his neighbours, and fully appreciated his good-fortune in being the son-in-law of a man who, if he chose, might one day attain the highest political honours; but it irritated him, nevertheless, to think that he owed his new distinction to Rachel; if he could have claimed relationship with Mr. Sherwin by ties in which she possessed no part, he would have been much better satisfied.

But when Mr. Sherwin expressed to him his belief that it would be well for Rachel's mind, in her present position, to have every relaxation or employment that she might chance to fancy, the husband decided that, for a season, he would offer no opposition; indeed, he longed for some opportunity to strengthen his own opinion of her wilfulness and triviality; she had grown so painstaking and docile, that even his capacity for finding fault was getting rusty from disuse.

Rachel did not return to her labours without having consulted his wishes, and gained an indifferent consent

Not choosing to oppose, and not condescending to be gracious, he tried to take refuge in a beautiful indifference, which did not sit easily upon his shoulders.

He was so accustomed to meddling with everything, from her religious ideas down to the arrangement of her hair, that he had considerable difficulty in keeping firm in the new line of conduct he had adopted.

She went to him one morning with a portfolio of sketches in her hand, waiting patiently until he was pleased to lay aside his newspaper and cast a glance at her, which seemed intended to announce that she could now for a little time employ her powers of speech.

"I came to ask if you had any objection to my drawing again," she said, with her usual directness.

"I am inclined to believe that the occupation will be hurtful to you," he replied.

"I think not, Mr. Ward; I am very sure that it will do me no harm, and I miss the pleasure so much."

"It has, perhaps, never occurred to your mind that we were placed in this world for some other purpose than to seek our own pleasure," he said, with a severity and gloom which would have become Calvin himself.

"I think I understand that," she answered, gently; "but I believe it is right for us to make the best use of every talent it has pleased heaven to give us."

Mr. Ward swept aside her claims to talent with an annihilating wave of the hand.

"It would be irreverent to class a mere accomplishment among heaven's gifts," he said, with an assumption of the manner he had admired in a new clergyman whom he had lately heard discourse.

"We will not argue about names," rejoined Rachel; "I ask you, as a favour, to be allowed to take up my work again."

That too docile obedience would have been very difficult once, but she had returned to her husband so determined to have at least peace, affection if her efforts could bring it on their home, that the words came easily to her lips.

"I feel no interest in the matter," he said, remembering the new line of conduct he had decided upon; "do not let me interfere with your wishes."

"I want my wishes to coincide with yours, Mr. Ward; unless you are perfectly willing I beg that you will say so."

Her earnestness only gave him added strength in his dignified policy.

"I conceive it a matter of very little importance, but I hope you will not work in any room that I am likely to enter—the smell of paint is excessively disagreeable to me."

"I will be careful not to annoy you," she said; "will you look at a few of these sketches?"

He allowed her to place them upon the table by his side, turned them over with an absent manner, as if he found it difficult to bring his thoughts down to such trivial things.

"Crude, very crude," he said, at length; "my opinion is not changed—painting is an art beyond the scope of the female mind."

He pushed the sketches towards her and rose to go out.

"I have your permission, then?" she asked.

"I decline any interference—pray understand me, Mrs. Ward."

"But I do not wish to act contrary to your advice and approval."

"I have no opinion on the subject, not the slightest. I am late—good morning—we will consider the matter sufficiently discussed. Please remember I dislike the smell of paint; with the odours you may choose to infect your own sitting-room I have nothing to do."

He sailed out upon the glory of that speech, and Rachel, who had left much of her romance and morbid sensitiveness behind with her last sickness, actually smiled at that which, a few months before, would have made her gloomy for a whole day.

The smile disappeared in a feeling of pain—the way looked dark and long! But she would not despair; if her efforts could avail, there should be in their home not only quiet, but affection. Her child must not live to find a gulf between its parents' hearts; the first years of that innocent life must not be clouded by the coldness and discontent which children feel long before they understand, and are forced to give unequal affection, unconsciously leaning to one side or the other, and so aiding the trouble already begun.

With those thoughts in her mind, Rachel took up her portfolio, and went slowly towards the little room which she had formerly occupied as a studio.

There was a pressure on her heart as she opened the door and looked into the darkened room, which she had not before entered since her return.

Her easel stood in the middle of the apartment, her palette and brushes were lying on the table where she had left them, when so suddenly called from her work to confront that terrible suffering.

The torn canvass lay in a corner, sketches were

thrown loosely on the tables, and throughout the whole place reigned a sadness and desolation more painful than anything within the past weeks.

She entered the chamber, closed the door, and sat down in her old seat.

Resolutely she put aside the fingerings of her former unrest; she had passed beyond that phase of existence in which it had a part, and no shadow of its pain should intrude into her present life—between the two had closed a door which must never again be opened.

The mystery that had once surrounded her had been entirely cleared up; the supernatural warning, upon which, in spite of her judgment, she had dwelt too much, had faded into a circumstance so commonplace, that it only appeared ridiculous now.

Her acquaintance with Leonard Thirstane had nothing in its past to occasion either grief or remorse; but she knew there had been a romance in her heart which to many a woman might have been dangerous—at present he was the betrothed husband of her cousin, her own sincere friend, nothing more.

Rachel did not even allow herself to think that, with another man than Mr. Ward, her life might have been brighter—she was his wife—duty and obedience were not enough; she must give him respect and affection, or, morally, the vows she took at the altar would be broken.

It was all easy now; her father's love and companionship gave her the strength she needed; the bud of hope that had opened in her heart brought with it so many tender feelings, such new gentleness, that her old self slipped from her like a disused garment.

With that last sweet recollection she began the task of setting the room in order, summoned the aid of a servant, and, in an hour, the apartment looked cheerful and homelike once more. A fire burned pleasantly in the grate, and the light stole softly in through the screened casement, giving an aspect of quiet necessary to the practice of her art.

She sat down to her work, and occupied with that and the sweet promises always hovering about her now, the morning passed unconsciously away.

Her father entered, and found her animated and cheerful with her employment, so different from the feeling of discouragement and loneliness with which she had formerly sat there.

"You look happier, Rachel, than I ever saw you," he said, as she leaned upon the arm of his chair with that childlike tenderness each found so pleasant.

"Could I be unhappy now, father? Such blessings have descended upon my life, that I am only afraid of not being thankful enough."

"Heaven has been very good to you and me, Rachel; I never thought my sorrow would find such compensation here."

"It is the one thought which pains me," she said, "to remember that I lived so many years without any knowledge of my parents."

"Oh, my darling, what was our suffering in comparison with hers! I never remember my own when I think of that terrible night."

"Poor mother, poor mother!" Rachel murmured, and for a time the pair sat in silence.

"Look up," he whispered; "my daughter, we are content at last."

"I should have committed a great sin," she said, "but the angels saved me from it."

"If men and women would often feel this, much suffering would be spared. I believe heaven sends no grief that does not, in the end, find its own compensation, if we only have patience to wait."

"But I had not," Rachel said, with a pang; "but for heaven's help I should have wrecked my whole life."

"The storm has cleared now, my daughter, there will be no after darkness like that."

"Because I shall have your love to cling to—your presence to make sunshine—oh! my father! my father!"

She wept in the long, silent embrace which followed; they were tears that brought more unclouded serenity, and John Sherwin's heart craved no deeper happiness than had already flung its rainbow over the gloom of the past.

The weeks glided away more swiftly from their very quiet.

Mr. Ward still retained his dissatisfaction; but Rachel's gentleness must have had its effect, in spite of any effort to counteract the influence.

Dear as were the associations that surrounded her, Rachel's sweetest hours were those spent in the solitude of her chamber, and busy with tiny bits of sewing, that she concealed hastily if any one entered, learning the old songs that children love, and twining her very heart in the delicate embroidery which grew under her fingers.

In all those beautiful fabrics there was not a stitch but had brought its sweet promise, and with every

day her womanly nature softened and grew more tender, till it was so filled with sacred emotions, that her soul was holy as a church garlanded with Christmas wreaths.

The early spring brightened, the air breathed fragrance, and the whole earth was transfigured with its new loveliness.

That season, once so full of restlessness and trouble to Rachel, was crowned with a glory which should make the anniversary sacred in her heart through all coming years—she was a mother.

As she lay in her darkened chamber, too feeble almost to open her eyes or speak, there was life in her heart such as she had never felt before, the touch of tiny hands upon her neck, the pressure of a baby head upon her bosom.

When the time came that she could sit up, could keep the child in her arms, look upon its blue eyes, which stared so wonderingly upon the existence it had just entered, and feel that it was indeed her son, a part of her existence which could never be taken from her, then it seemed her heart could have no more to ask.

Even the absorbing passion of years, that love of art, the longing for fame and appreciation, had wholly changed its character. She would labour still, from the great necessity her soul felt in that way to find expression, but the fruition was only prized as it would be an added bond between her and the child.

Mr. Ward was delighted with his boy; he expatiated, to all who would listen, upon his surprising beauty, his size, and the numberless perfections his clear sight could already distinguish in the helpless mite of humanity that squalled so piteously when he insisted upon holding it to the light to decide upon the exact colour of its eyes.

He had a theory in regard to red flannel which nearly drove the nurse frantic; his mother had always sheltered her children in blankets of the brightest crimson; no child could have any hope of living wrapped in anything else.

It seemed at one time probable that there would be war between the anxious father and the consequential attendant, who resented, as only a nurse can, this interference with her prerogatives; but Rachel laughed, and decided the matter by avowing that she thought the red trappings gave the baby quite a regal appearance, so Mr. Ward had his way, to the great content of his heart.

He haunted the chamber at all sorts of times when he had no business there, pursued by a dread that the child would be exposed to draughts of air, and left his business, in consequence, at the most inconvenient seasons, was a male edition of Mrs. Click in her determination that Rachel "should make an effort," and kept the nurse in a constant state of excitement.

"Let her alone, she's done enough for once," she said, softly, when he was urging upon Rachel the necessity of exerting the strength which she had not in her power. "I expect if you'd gone through what she has, you'd be better a great deal—what do men know about babies, I would like you to tell me?"

She hustled him indignantly out of the room, but he was back before the patient had half her sleep out. "Was the nurse sure there was no draught—was that the baby he heard crying?"

"It can't do more than squeak," retorted the woman, setting up her feathers like an angry hen. "I'll take care of both of 'em if I'm only let alone."

Mr. Ward was slightly offended at the imputation cast upon the capacity of his child's lungs, and a little frightened lest there should be a hidden meaning in the female's words.

"You don't think there is anything the matter?" he asked.

"Bless the man, no; the baby will do well enough if he's let alone."

Mr. Ward stole to the cot on tiptoe, and solaced himself by another look at the sleeping baby, which gave him a most unfilial scowl, and pouted his little lips in a very impertinent manner.

"You'll wake it up," called the nurse; "I shall just tell the doctor I can't be answerable for such goings on."

"Sh, sh! don't talk so loud," returned Mr. Ward, crossing the room with cautious steps, while his boots creaked in a way that would have driven a nervous woman frantic.

"Don't go to the bed," commanded the nurse, who was watching his movements like a lynx, and by the imperiousness of her order left him aghast in the centre of the floor, with one foot suspended in the air. "She's asleep—oh, do get out!"

"I am not asleep," Rachel said; "is that you, Mr. Ward?"

"She wants to speak to me, you see," he said to the nurse, in a triumphant tone; "she might get excited if we opposed her."

"Oh, have your own way, do, I beg—only I washes my hands of the consequences," and nurse

seated herself in resigned indignation, wringing the imaginary ill effects of his misdeeds from her chubby fingers.

He spoke to Rachel so affectionately that she was full of gratitude.

When the sick-chamber days were over and the whole house was alive with the pleasant bustle made by a baby's arrival—when the voice of the young mother could be heard cooing and singing over her little one—then it was that Mr. Ward waxed more uneasy and dictatorial than ever. He drove the maid out of her senses and tried Rachel's patience sorely.

But she bore it well enough, was happy in the love he had for the little one, and tried to set all his lectures down to parental anxiety.

A speech that old Seaman made was somewhat illustrated:

"I have no doubt Ward is a good man," he said; "but what a disagreeable angel he will make! Once land him in Paradise, and he will take the whole arrangement of things on himself."

No man could be more astonished than would have been Mr. Ward to learn that his acquaintance held such an opinion concerning him, or that there was the slightest approach to truth in the caricature.

Perhaps it was as well. I really think if many people knew how disagreeable they are, instead of doing them any good, the knowledge would discourage them so completely that there would never be the slightest hope left of their ever making any improvement.

(To be continued.)

#### THE LAGOONS OF VENICE.

For my own part, as the gondola slipped away from the blaze and bustle of the station down the gloom and silence of the grand canal, I forgot that I had been freezing two days and nights; that I was at that moment very cold and a little homesick.

I could at first feel nothing but that beautiful silence, broken only by the star-silvered dip of the oars. Then, on either hand, I saw stately palaces rise grey and lofty from the dark waters, holding here and there a lamp against their faces, which brought balconies, and columns, and carved arches into momentary relief, and threw long streams of crimson into the canal. I could see by that uncertain glimmer how fair was all, but not how sad and old: and so, unhaunted by any pang for the decay that afterwards saddened me amid the forlorn beauty of Venice, I glided on.

I have no doubt it was a proper time to think all the fantastic things in the world, and I thought them; but they passed vaguely through my mind, without at all interrupting the sensations of sight and sound. Indeed, the past and present mixed, there, and the moral and material were blent in the sentiment of utter novelty and surprise.

The quick boat slid through old troubles of mine, and unlooked-for events gave it the impulse that carried it beyond, and safely around sharp corners of life. And all the while I knew that this was a progress through narrow and crooked canals, and past marble angles of palaces. But I did not know then that this fine confusion of sense and spirit was the first faint perception of the charm of life in Venice.

Dark, funeral barges like my own flitted by, and the gondoliers had warned each other at every turning, with hoarse, lugubrious cries; the lines of balconied palaces never ended;—here and there at their doors larger craft were moored, with dim figures of men moving uncertainly about on them.

At last we had passed abruptly out of the Grand Canal into one of the smaller channels, and from comparative light into a darkness, only remotely affected by some far-streaming corner lamp. But always the pallid, stately palaces; always the dark heaven with its trembling stars above, and the dark water with its trembling stars below; but now innumerable bridges, and an utter loneliness, and ceaseless sudden turns and windings.

One could not resist a vague feeling of anxiety, in these straight and solitary passages, which was part of the strange enjoyment of the time, and which was referable to the novelty, the hush, the darkness, and the piratical appearance and unaccountable pauses of the gondoliers.

Was not this Venice, and is not Venice for ever associated with bravos and unexpected dagger thrusts? That valise of mine might represent fabulous wealth to the uncultivated imagination. Who, if I made an outcry, could understand the facts of the situation?—(as we say in the journals).

To move on was relief; to pause was regret for past transgressions, mingled with good resolutions for the future. But I felt the liveliest mixture of all these emotions when, slipping from the cover of a bridge,

the gondola suddenly rested at the foot of a stairway, before a closely barred door.

The gondoliers rang and rang again, while their passenger

Divided the swift mid.

in the wonder whether a door so grimly bolted and austere barred, could possibly open into an hotel, with cheerful overcharges for candles and service. But as soon as the doors opened, and he beheld the honest, swindling countenance of an hotel portier, he felt secure against everything but imposture, and all wild absurdities of doubt and conjecture at once faded from his thought, when the portier suffered the gondoliers to make him pay a florin too much.—*Venetian Life*. By Wm. D. Howells.

#### THE QUALITIES OF LOVE.

It is love divine that giveth radiance to the human brow, and which lighteth the eye with bright beams of ecstasy.

THE qualities of love are certainly very proper in the management of a first-class poet. It is a subject on which he may shine in different lights, yet keep clear of all the whining and cant with which the dramatic stage is too frequently pestered.

The ancients have scarcely modded with it in any of their tragedies. Shakespeare has shown it in almost all degrees by different characters, in one or other of his plays. Otway has wrought it up most beautifully in "The Orphan," to raise our pity. Dryden expresses its thoughtless violence very well in "All for Love." Addison has painted it both successful and unfortunate, with the highest judgment, in his "Cato."

But Adam and Eve, in Milton, are the finest pictures of conjugal love that ever were drawn. In them its true warmth of affection is seen, without the violence or fury of passion; a sweet and reasonable tenderness, without any cloying or insipid fondness.

In its serenity and sunshine, it is noble, amiable, endearing, and innocent. When it jars and goes out of tune, as on some occasions it will, there is anger and resentment. He is gloomy, she complains and weeps, yet love has still its force. Eve knows how to submit, and Adam to forgive. It is quite pleasing to know they have quarrelled, when we see the agreeable manner in which they are reconciled. They have enjoyed prosperity, and they will share adversity together.

J. A.

\* DISCOVERY IN CARLISLE ABBEY.—While workmen were engaged in making excavations in the Abbey, recently, in order to level the ground at the east end of the Cathedral, about thirty stone shafts were laid bare. They are 4½ inches in diameter, averaging about 5 feet in length, and, from the mortar adhering to them, it is evident that they have at some time been used in some part of the cathedral buildings. The diameter of the shafts is the same as that of the shafts in the bays of the choir, aisles, &c., of the cathedral, and it is conjectured that they have belonged to the original Early English clerestory of the edifice.

THE INTRODUCTION OF SALMON INTO AUSTRALIA.—Mr. Youl writes as follows to the *Times*:—"I have this moment received a telegram from Melbourne, announcing the safe arrival of the *Lincolshire* with upwards of 100,000 salmon, sea, and brown trout ova, and bringing also the good news that 40 per cent. of the whole number were hatching in the breeding-ponds on the river Plenty, in Tasmania. Your readers will also be glad to learn that the last account received direct from the Hon. R. Olfior, the chairman of the Salmon Commissioners, was that at least 2,000 salmon fry, varying in size from 9 in. to 12 in., had left the fresh water and gone to sea, and that there was thriving in the ponds 400 brown trout from 11 in. to 13 in. long, the produce of the salmon and trout ova shipped in January, 1864, by the ship *Norfolk*."

RECENT EARTHQUAKES.—1. The first shock of an earthquake at Chittagong, Bengal, was felt on December 15th, 1865, at 6.50 P.M., and between that time and 2 A.M. on the twentieth of the same month twelve distinct shocks were felt, of various degrees of intensity. In Thanah Roajan the earth's surface cracked in several places, and poured forth jets of water and a fine dark grey-coloured sand. No sand has ever been found in the deepest excavations, either at that spot or within many miles, so that it must have been forced up from a great depth. The heaps of sand thrown out varied from the size of a molehill up to twelve feet in diameter, and three feet deep. At the cessation of the shocks the large sand-heap was still wet, and the ground showed signs of having been recently flooded. The water rose some inches from the ground, and so far as could be ascertained, it was cold. It appears that there are in the neighbourhood several "burning wells," which are supposed to be connected with volcanic agency, but none of them exhibited any change during the earthquake.—2. On March 9th, at 2 A.M., an earthquake was felt at Christiania, in



many places in Norway, along the west coast at Verblung and Drontheim, and the tower of Fraunkirke rocked so violently that the bells began to ring.—3. The earthquake felt in Norway on March 9th appears to have extended as far as the Shetland Isles. The keeper of the lighthouse on the Flugga rock, which is situated about a mile and a half north of Unst, reports that at 1.20 a.m. on the same day the tower began to shake terribly, and continued doing so for thirty seconds. There was no wind or sea to cause the vibration, and it must, therefore, be attributed to the shock of an earthquake. If the shocks felt at the Shetlands and Norway are in any way connected, they must have proceeded in a north-easterly direction from the former to the latter place, occupying a period of forty minutes—the wave having a velocity of about seven or eight miles per minute.

## TWINS.

I MET Miss Dudley at the house of Mrs. Wheeler. She was visiting there at the time, and so was I. I don't suppose anyone would have called her a pretty woman. She had a superb form, tall and straight, rather full; a fine head balanced above her sloping shoulders; a broad, low forehead, looking out from under heavy masses of dark brown hair; brown, earnest eyes, that looked you full in the face; a rather large, but well-shaped nose; broad mouth, with thin, scarlet lips, that opening, displayed a good substantial set of white, even teeth; and a skin white and smooth as polished marble.

She might have been twenty-five, one would have said to look at her—I found out afterwards that she was thirty. No doubt she had had plenty of offers of marriage; and then, too, she had such a grand, stately way with her that timid men would have stood somewhat in awe.

But I'm not a timid man, especially among ladies; and besides, when she chose, Miss Dudley could be very fascinating.

She drew me towards her by some mysterious charm—some strange mesmeric power that she exercised over me.

Now, at the time I am speaking of I was just thirty-three; but, singular as it may seem, although I have always been exceedingly tender-hearted, I had never felt the least twinge of the "grande passion." I had met a great many pretty faces, quite a number of lovely ones, and one or two that were decidedly beautiful.

Miss Minnie Dudley was neither. Taken altogether, that is, in form and feature, one might call her superb; but she was the last woman that most men would fall in love with.

They would stand at a distance and admire her, but as for claiming her for their own, why, it took more of a certain kind of courage than most men have; but as for me, why, I think she was just the woman that I had been unconsciously looking for.

I may as well remark that I am a man of considerable wealth. I own a splendid establishment. For years it had been under the entire management of Mrs. Greyson, my housekeeper.

Now I really felt that it was my duty to bring home a wife to preside over that establishment. There were many women that could have done the honours well, but none with the grace of Miss Dudley.

Therefore, you perceive, I concluded, after mature deliberation, that I would marry the aforesaid young lady, providing she would have me.

I didn't have a great deal of doubt about that. Most women of humble means would have probably married me for my fortune; but I imagined that Miss Dudley was not one of that class.

"She possesses a noble soul, and if ever she consents to be mine it will be because she loves me," I said.

I looked out of the window just then, and espied the object of my thoughts coming up from the garden. She looked so grand and stately that I couldn't help smiling at the thought of her ever condescending to love a poor mortal of the masculine gender.

Who she was I could not have told at the time. I had come down from town to visit my particular friend, Bob Wheeler. Miss Dudley was there when I arrived. I learned that she resided in Greenfield with a married sister. She had a few thousands—enough to support her respectably, and that was all.

"A fine woman," said Bob, as he lit a cigar. "If I was a marrying man, I might—but bah! She's superb, grand, too grand—*me quid nimitis!*"

"I don't think so."

"Why, with your establishment, Frank, she's just the woman to make a display. You could trot her out on state occasions, you know; but a man in a small country town like this, for instance, would be in quite as bad a fix as the man who bought the elephant, with such a woman for a wife."

"Strange she never married."

"She had offers, but she rejected them all. That's not strange, because she would not marry a man unless he had a large share of brains, or a large share of money, which amounts to the same thing in this world, you know."

"Do you believe that, Bob?"

"Of course. I'm pretty well acquainted with her. I should as quick think of talking love to Power's Greek Slave as to Miss Minnie Dudley. What a disdainful smile she'd give a fellow!"

Now that wasn't just what I wanted. I suppose we are all foolish enough some time in our lives to want some one to love us; but I had never, until the day I met Miss Dudley, seen the woman that I thought I could love.

And now—well, Bob didn't know, of course. Miss Dudley always stood upon her dignity. Bob might have thought that he was acquainted with her, but I felt that he wasn't.

Determined to win this woman, not only her hand but her heart, of course, I became as attentive to her as ever lover was to his mistress. And she was very gracious to me in return. I tried to think that some tone in her voice, indicated a dawning of the tender passion in her bosom, and at last I felt sure that she—yes, I was positive that the majestic Miss Dudley really loved me.

Being now convinced that, nothing remained for me to do but propose in the ordinary fashion.

I met Miss Dudley in the garden that evening. I drew her arm through mine and we walked on. It seemed to me that thousands of little Cupids were hovering over our heads; the moon coming up behind the trees I took to be the torch of Hymen, and the garden of Mr. Wheeler seemed like some enchanted ground.

We took seats upon a rustic bench at the farther end of the garden. I held her little hand in mine. Now was the time.

"Miss Dudley," I began, my voice choking with strange emotions, "you cannot but have seen—you must have felt that I loved thee."

I looked up for encouragement, but she was looking away from me. Her hand laid passively in mine, not a tremor ran through her frame. Her face, to all appearance, was as calm as a summer's morning.

"Minnie, darling, I love you. Will you be my wife?"

"Yes," she replied, calmly turning towards me.

I drew her towards my bosom and pressed numberless kisses upon brow, cheek and lip.

I was satisfied. Still water runs deep, they say, and I believed it then. I imagined that her feelings were too deep for words.

Before we left the garden that night we had arranged everything in regard to our wedding, which was to take place in September, at the house of Miss Dudley's sister. I was to return to London the next day to make preparations for the great event of my life.

"Good-night, Minnie, dear," I said, kissing her, as we parted at the hall door.

Bob was in his own room. I went up and told him of my success. "Wish me joy, Bob."

"Bah! I could have done that a month ago. I knew how it would turn out. But I say, Frank, did she tell you that she loved you?" and Bob took his cigar from his mouth and smiled rather saucily, I thought.

I didn't reply. You perceive that I didn't consider that that was any of his business. Besides, too, when I thought of it, I remembered that she had never told me anything of the kind. She had said "Yes," when I asked her to be my wife; but as to the love—why, I had settled that question in my mind before I made the proposal, and I wasn't going to let it trouble me now.

The next day I was in London. I whispered to Wiggins that I was soon to leap into the horrible abyss of matrimony.

Wiggins told Brown, and Brown told Miss Grittel-well, and she told all her female acquaintances, and they told all their friends, and I found in less than twenty-four hours after I had told Wiggins of the proposed wedding to take place, everybody in London knew it.

The next day, when I met the Misses Fizzlebob in their carriage, they hardly noticed me. They bowed stiffly.

You see I had been somewhat attentive to the younger Miss Fizzlebob, though I had never entertained serious thoughts concerning the fair creature.

But now I approach the serious part of my story. I would much rather pass over this matter in silence, but as I sat down with the determination to tell the whole story of my courtship, keeping nothing back, I must push through.

It was September. I was on my way to Greenfield. It was the happiest day of my life, I think. I had written to Minnie that I should be there on

the third, but instead, I was there on the second. At the station, of course, there was no one to meet me. I called a carriage, and told the driver to set me down at the house of George Summers, my Minnie's sister's husband.

It was a small cottage house, painted white, with green blinds. It was situated some distance back from the street. A brick walk, upon either side of which was a flower-bed, led from the gate up to the front door.

I hurried to the door and rang the bell. There was no answer, and so I rang again. Then I heard footsteps, and at last a key rattled in the lock, and then the door opened.

It was my Minnie, bless her heart! I seized her hands and drew her towards me. She shrieked, and then tried to draw herself away.

"Minnie, darling!" I cried, still holding her fast.

"Sir!" looking daggers at me.

"Why do you treat me thus?" I asked, exceedingly surprised and bewildered, but still holding her hands.

"Unhand me, villain!" she shrieked. "Murder! Help! George!"

Was the woman crazy? I really feared she was; and then I thought, perhaps she never loved me. Then, by a strong effort, in spite of her struggles, I threw my arms around her and pressed her to my bosom, raining kisses upon her lips.

"Monster! help! help!" she cried again.

Really, this was becoming quite unpleasant to me. Such a reception for a lover by his mistress, I had never heard or read of. And just at this juncture I heard footsteps approaching and a voice asking the cause of all the row, and that was just what I wanted to know.

"O George! help me!" and a small gentleman, very thin and short, with light hair, blue eyes and red whiskers sprang towards us.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, stepping up and laying his hand on my shoulder.

I was just the least bit excited. I am sure I could not have been in my right mind, or I should not have done what I did. Besides, I'd lately been taking lessons in the noble art of self-defence. I wanted to display myself, and furthermore I didn't want to be bullied by a little man with red whiskers; and so I squared off, and shaking the red-whiskered chap's hand from my shoulder, I struck out boldly with my left, floored my antagonist and drew the first blood.

"There, lay quiet now, my lovely youth," said I, seeing that he had no thought of coming up to the "scratch," and then I turned and grasped Minnie in my arms once more.

I don't know what would have happened next; but just then I heard a light footstep on the stairs. I looked up, and—

Well, you can't understand my feelings, and I cannot describe them. I was bewildered at first, but now—why, deuce take me, but there were *two* Minnies!

"Mr. Hills! Why, how do you do?" said the Minnie on the stairs, extending her hand towards me. "Why, what does this mean?" and she looked down at the prostrate form of the red-whiskered chap. I couldn't speak. I looked first at the Minnie in my arms and then at the Minnie before me; and then I loosened my hold upon the former and took the hand of the latter.

"Will you please explain?" I asked.

"I think you should," was the answer.

"Well, I will," I replied, looking at Minnie number one. "I arrived here five minutes ago and undertook to kiss my betrothed—"

"No."

"Who then?"

"Mrs. George Summers, my twin sister!"

"Bless me!" said I, as the light broke in upon me, and I was just a little profane—that is, in a low tone of voice.

"And this is Mr. Frank Hills?" cried Mrs. Summers, extending her hand and laughing heartily.

"Give us your hand, old fellow!" said Mr. Summers, the small red-whiskered chap, rising from the floor.

"I hope I didn't hurt you."

"Not a bit. But what a mistake? Why didn't you tell me?"

"Why, I supposed you knew."

And then we all went in to dinner, and a more jolly party you never saw. And, well, the next day there was a wedding in Greenfield, and Minnie and I were made one.

Little remains to be said, except that Minnie and I live very happily together, and I have made myself well enough acquainted with her features to be able to distinguish between her and Mrs. Summers.

N. P. D.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN A DREAMER.—Sir Christopher Wren, as we are all aware, was a wonderful architect, but it is not so universally known that he

was a great dreamer, and, in one or two instances, his dreams were realized. On the night after the battle of Worcester, being at his father's house at East Knoyle, in Wiltshire, he dreamt that he saw a great fight, in a market place with which he was unacquainted, where some were flying and others pursuing; and amongst those that fled he thought he saw a kinsman of his, who had gone into Scotland to join the king's army. The next night this relation came to Knoyle, and was the first that brought the news of the battle of Worcester. After the Restoration, Wren, being chosen Surveyor of the Works to King Charles II., was called upon to prepare a plan for the repairs of St. Paul's Cathedral, which he subsequently rebuilt. Before he ventured to give in his ideas on a matter of so much importance, in which no less a master of his art than Inigo Jones had been engaged before him, he thought it prudent to take a survey of the works of the best masters abroad, and accordingly obtained the king's leave to travel for a few months. While he was in Paris he fell ill of a feverish disorder, and sent for a physician, who pronounced the attack dangerous, ordered the medicines suitable for pleurisy, and recommended immediate and copious venesection. Having a strong aversion to bleeding, he put off that operation for a day longer, and, in the course of the night, dreamt that he was in a place where palm-trees grew, and that a woman in a romantic habit handed some dates to him. Though he found himself much worse in the morning, he sent for dates, and eating plentifully of them, from the moment they entered his stomach he thought himself better, and without any other medicine or treatment speedily recovered.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

#### STURGEON FISHING.

The spearman stands in the bow, armed with a most formidable spear. The handle, from seventy to eighty feet long, is made of white pinewood; fitted on the spear-shaft is a barbed point, in shape very much like a shuttlecock, supposing each feather represented by a piece of bone, thickly barbed, and very sharp at the end. This is so contrived that it can be easily detached from the long handle by a sharp, dexterous jerk. To this barbed contrivance a long line is made fast, which is carefully coiled away close to the spearman, like a harpoon-line in a whale-boat.

The four canoes, alike equipped, are paddled into the centre of the stream, and side by side drift slowly down with the current, each spearman carefully feeling along the bottom with his spear, constant practice having taught the crafty savages to know a sturgeon's back when the spear comes in contact with it. The spear-head touches the drowsy fish; a sharp plunge, and the redskin sends the notched points through armour and cartilage, deep into the leather-like muscles. A skilful jerk frees the long handle from the barbed end, which remains inextricably fixed in the fish; the handle is thrown aside, the line seized, and the struggle begins.

The first impulse is to resist this objectionable intrusion, so the angry sturgeon comes up to see what it all means. This curiosity is generally repaid by having a second spear sent crashing into him. He then takes a header, seeking safety in flight, and the real excitement commences.

With might and main the bowman plies the paddles, and the spearman pays out the line, the canoe flying through the water. The slightest tangle, the least hitch, and over it goes; it becomes, in fact, a sheer trial of paddle versus fin. Twist and turn as the sturgeon may, all the canoes are with him. He flings himself out of the water, dashes through it, under it, and skims along the surface; but all is in vain, the canoes and their dusky oarsmen follow all his efforts to escape, as a cat follows a mouse.

Gradually the sturgeon grows sulky and tired, obstinately floating on the surface. The savage knows he is not vanquished, but only biding a chance for revenge; so he shortens up the line, and gathers quickly on him, to get another spear in.

It is done—and down violently dives the sturgeon; but pain and weariness begin to tell, the struggles grow weaker and weaker as life ebbs slowly away, until the mighty armour-plated monarch of the river yields himself a captive to the dusky native in his frail canoe.—*The Naturalist in Vancouver's Island.*

THERE is a tradition that one of Jeanne d'Arc's brothers, John or Peter Des Lys, settled in Scotland, and there founded the family, members of which still live and flourish under the name, less noble in form, of "Lye."

APPARATUS FOR SAVING LIFE AT SEA.—A curious apparatus for this purpose was exhibited a few days ago in the Serpentine. The person is placed on his back in a sort of elliptical shell, stuffed, we presume, with cork. By means of a winch handle, provided,

by the way, with but little multiplying gear, the person to be bathed or to be saved turns round a little screw-propeller, by which he is supposed to drive, and also to guide (if possible) the safety apparatus. *Et cetera.* Desens' bath and safety apparatus is the invention of a foreigner, and we are always hospitably inclined towards importations, yet we fear that Mr. Desens is losing his time. We see scarcely any advantage in his apparatus over a belt, which, of course, a man able to swim the least would much prefer. In case of shipwreck the apparatus affords no more protection against cold and exposure; and its great bulk would, reckoning one to each passenger, make up a cargo in safety apparatus alone. The only way in which it might be preferable to a common belt is the possibility that it may keep off the sharks.

#### SCIENCE.

THE troops at Châlons have got 10,000 breech-loaders of a very superior character to the Prussian needle-gun.

THE AMANTHONTE VASE.—The famous vase of Amantonte has reached Paris. As the weight of this monster work of art is not less than 15,000 kilogrammes (33,060 lb.), it is hoped that its landing may be effected by means of one of the cranes used on the Quai d'Orsay to raise blocks of stone. The diameter of the base is 3m. 5c. (9 ft. 10 in.), and the height 2m. 25c. (6 ft. 6 in.). It has been sculptured out of a single block. It was discovered by M. Vogüé at the summit of a hill 1,500 ft. in height, and in a piece of ground over which are scattered the ruins of the Amantonte, twenty-five miles south of Lamala.

SOME interesting balloon ascents have been made by Mr. Coxwell during the past month, particularly those from the Crystal Palace on June 12th and 25th, on which days the rate of travelling indicated a more rapid movement of the atmosphere than we are apt to associate with the breezes of June. On the 12th Mr. Coxwell and Captain Woodgate ascended at 4.30 from Sydenham, and in less than eight minutes crossed the Thames just above Woolwich. The balloon descended at 5.20, nearly ten miles beyond Chelmsford. On June 25 the same gentleman started from the Crystal Palace at 6 P.M., and after passing over Epsom Downs and Guildford, landed on Elstead inclosure, which is over thirty miles from the Palace. But on June 12 more than forty miles were accomplished in fifty minutes.

INSECT WAX.—The trade in this article in China is large. In 1864, from the single port of Hankow alone, 5,100 cwt. were exported. It is taken by the Chinese as medicine, but is principally used as stearine in the manufacture of candles. It is one of the most valuable of the many products of *Sze-Chuen*, being worth 60 and 70 taels per picul (133 lb.). The wax is deposited, for the protection of its eggs, by an insect which inhabits the trees on which the wax is secreted. The formation of the wax was a subject which occupied the especial attention of M. Simon, a French savant, who, a year or two ago, passed a considerable time in the interior, during which time he is said to have traversed the greater portion of *Sze-Chuen*, and to have reached the eastern confines of Thibet. It is to be hoped the result of his researches into the products of the former fertile province will ere long be made public.

THE BRAIN OF FISHES.—The homologues of the brain in fishes have always been difficult to determine; but if we are to believe M. HOLLARD, who has just published an essay on the subject, the difficulty no longer exists. M. HOLLARD has drawn the following conclusions from his observations. We find in the brain of fishes three ventricular divisions, which correspond to the three primitive cerebral vesicles. The anterior and posterior regions become divided into two distinct sections. The inferior cerebral organization of the fish relates to the anterior sections, the intermediate cerebrum or nucleus, and the anterior brain or the hemispheres. The intermediate brain corresponds to the fundamental part of the nucleus of the cerebrum. The inferior lobes represent the corpora striata. The anterior lobe of the brain of fishes corresponds to that part of the hemispheres which is nearest the corpora striata.

#### VIVIAN TRAVERS.

##### CHAPTER X.

TRY hard as he would, after the departure of Philip, Hugh Aynscoort found it impossible to dispel all thoughts of him. On turning his attention again to his book, the grave and earnest face of his nephew seemed to rise before it, obscuring the words and compelling his thoughts to linger upon the recent interview.

Philip's expression of affectionate interest in him repeated themselves in his mind, and he began to experience a longing to prove their truth or falsity, his belief in his nephew's hypocrisy being evidently somewhat shaken.

"Men are all alike—all alike, Sir William," he said, bitterly, after a period of earnest reflection, addressing the dog, whose sagacious eyes were fixed attentively upon him. "And Philip is as bad as the rest. I know you like him, Hamilton; but you need not—you cannot—deny that he cares for my money, not for me."

Sir William betraying no intention of denying this assertion, the philosopher continued, in a slightly disappointed tone:

"Of course, his professions of affection for me are hypocritical. I never did anything to make him like me. I wouldn't receive him after his father's death, nor interest myself in his fortunes. When he came to me, telling me that he was an orphan, I sent him away, saying that I could not be disturbed by his presence here, and that he must take himself away. There was nothing in all that to make him love me, and I know he don't."

He reviewed his conduct at the period referred to, when Philip had come to him for comfort and advice, remembering how, when he had assured his nephew that he must earn his own living, the young man had cheerfully and hopefully responded by assuring him that he had already secured a position as secretary to Mr. Travers; thus proving he had no intention of burdening his uncle with his support.

From these reflections the philosopher's mind wandered to the period of his own long-forgotten youth, and for the first time during many years he remembered his boyhood's friends, his parents and only brother, the father of Philip.

These softening influences, however, speedily fled before bitter thoughts of the girl who had filled him on the eve of their marriage, and who had almost wrecked his life, quite sweeping overboard all his faith and trust in humanity. From the fever consequent on the discovery of her falsity and faithlessness, he had arisen a changed man—cold, bitter, and misanthropic; whose only joy was in his books, and whose chief grief was in his occasional forced contact with his fellow-beings.

For twenty years he had lived what he termed a philosophic existence in his dreary hermitage, oblivious of the fact that there were happy, cheerful homes all around him, where the lives of the inmates contrasted strongly with his, and where his very existence, except as a supposed miser, was unknown.

"Well," he sighed, arousing himself from this review of the past, "I am happy enough now. These creatures around me, absorbed in the petty cares and labours of obtaining food and drink, and outdoing their neighbours in their costly attire, know nothing of the grand sources of enjoyment which I possess. My life is truer and better than theirs. I give no thought to the cherishing of my miserable body, but feed my mind, my immortal soul, upon the great truths of philosophy. Mine, then, is the only sensible existence."

The philosopher really believed what he said, and looked for an approval of his sentiments to his canine companion, whose attention, however, had become diverted from his master to the edibles on the book-shelf. Noticing this, Mr. Aynscoort exclaimed, apologetically:

"Excuse me, Sir William, I quite forgot your wants, my mind having been so occupied with unusual things."

He arose, produced the tin basin, assisted Sir William to a liberal supply of food, and then helped himself in a manner that showed the delights of the palate were unknown to, or, at least, had long since been forgotten by him.

The dog directed his attention to the package Philip had brought, and, on opening it, Hugh Aynscoort discovered a nicely roasted fowl.

This he divided clumsily, giving the better half to Sir William, and restoring the remainder to the larder to await the renewed demands of his appetite.

As he replaced it, he discovered the pocket-book his nephew had left, and exclaimed:

"Why, what is this? Philip's purse—and he left it intentionally, that is evident—I wonder if he thinks me destitute of money?"

An examination of the contents of the pocket-book revealed a small roll of bank notes, which the philosopher hastened to count.

"Eighty-five pounds," he then said, aloud. "That is a large sum for a secretary to give away—unless he expects it to be returned tenfold. This act proves conclusively that Philip has designs upon me. And yet it is possible that the boy thinks me poor and has adopted this delicate, generous way of relieving my supposed wants! He is really a mystery to me, and I shall find a great deal of pleasure in studying him



and exposing the hypocrisy which, after all, I know must form the basis of his character!"

With these conflicting thoughts concerning his nephew, the philosopher returned to his studies, breaking in upon them now and then only, to address some profound remark to Sir William, who received it with the gravity appropriate to the distinguished scholar whose spirit was supposed to have taken possession of his canine body.

So the day and evening wore away, Mr. Ayns court continuing his studies by the light of a tallow candle, and at a moderately early hour he retired to a small adjoining room, where he flung himself upon a hard wooden settle, drew over him a ragged blanket, and was soon asleep.

This room was more like a cell than a sleeping apartment, the settle being its only furniture, and the window being completely covered with dust and cobwebs. But the sleep of its occupant seemed as sound as though he had been resting upon a soft mattress with his head pillowed upon cedar down.

He awoke at daylight, divided his breakfast with Sir William, and resumed his studies, in which he soon became so absorbed that he quite forgot everything but his favourite author.

The day passed away, and the philosopher appeared completely oblivious to the mute appeals of Sir William for dinner, or something to represent that meal, and he was only aroused at last by hearing a very loud and prolonged knock at the outer door.

He looked up with a gesture of annoyance, anathematizing his visitor for interrupting the train of his ideas, but he did not make a movement towards ascertaining his wants. It was only when the knocking became fierce and continuous that he arose and proceeded to the entrance.

On opening the door he found himself face to face with a stout round-faced man, whom he recognized as the proprietor of a restaurant in the neighbourhood, who had been in the habit of furnishing his scanty meals.

The restaurant-keeper looked surprised at beholding the philosopher in person, and said:

"You'll excuse me calling upon you, Mr. Ayns court, but I didn't know but what you was sick. I ain't seen nothin' of you for a long time, and my wife says you hain't set foot out o' doors since last autumn, so I didn't know but you might be sick here all alone. The dog hain't been to my establishment for several days for your food, and I thought perhaps you'd both frozen to death during the cold spell we've had."

"Oh, you did?" sneered the philosopher, impatiently. "You are very much interested, I am sure, darsay, you hoped we were frozen to death. Do you want money?"

"Oh, no," was the obsequious response; "not at present. I'm only too happy to s'ply your wants, and wish they were greater!"

"Of course you do!" was the harsh rejoinder. "If you don't want money, what are you doing here? My wants are larger than they should be. Diogenes was content with next to nothing, and would have been affrighted at my luxurious habits!"

"Diogenes!" repeated the visitor, with a puzzled countenance. "I never saw him. He don't live round here, does he?"

"What frightful ignorance!" exclaimed Mr. Ayns court. "Yet, such is fame! You disgust me with mankind, fellow. If you have anything more to say to me, write it, and thrust the paper under the door. I don't want to see your face again. Not know Diogenes! Alas, this degenerate world!"

With this lamentation, he slammed the door in his visitor's face, and the latter descended the steps, muttering:

"The miserly old chumdegen! It's just as the neighbours say—he's gone crazy over his piles of gold! How mad he was because I never heard of that Diogenes, who, I s'pose, is some relation o' his'n!"

The philosopher's opinion of his visitor was scarcely more flattering, he remarking to his canine friend:

"That fellow is a sycophant, Sir William, and allied to those other men who called upon me recently, and who seemed to regard us as mad. I hope we shall see no more of him. You may go round, though, for our dinner."

Sir William appeared to comprehend this remark perfectly, for he arose with alacrity, hastening to the door which the philosopher opened for his groans, leaving it ajar for his return.

In a few minutes he returned with the dinner, carefully deposited in a small covered basket. There was only a piece of cold roast beef and a couple of warm potatoes, but Sir William shared equally with his master.

With the approach of evening, the philosopher thought more over his plan for testing the character of his nephew, and finally, after due explanations to Sir William, he began examining the contents of a large clothes-closet adjoining his bedroom.

The contents consisted of a few tattered garments, from which he selected a long, old-fashioned coat, or cloak, and a large hat, capable of completely shading his features. With these he returned to the other chamber.

The evening had deepened to eight o'clock when he donned his antiquated coat, slouched his hat over his face, took a heavy staff in his hand, and left his house with his dog at his heels, on his errand to study the character of his nephew.

## CHAPTER XI.

On gaining the street, Hugh Ayns court found the night extremely unpleasant, it being dark, and the wind blowing fitfully in heavy gusts; but he scarcely noticed the weather, caring little whether disagreeable or not. He secured a place in an omnibus, taking his dog with him, and as there were very few passengers this proceeding passed unquestioned.

Arrived in the neighbourhood of Mr. Drayton Travers' mansion, he descended and pursued his journey on foot, occasionally addressing some trivial remark to Sir William, who walked beside him.

The house was, as usual, well lighted, and the philosopher hesitated a moment before ascending the steps, fearing that there was company in the house; but there being a general air of quietude about the place, he recovered his courage and touched the bell.

His summons was answered by Dennis, who, in reply to his inquiry, informed him that Mr. Ayns court had dined out, at General Cotton's, and had not yet returned home.

"We shall have to defer our experiment, Sir William," said Hugh Ayns court, in a disappointed tone, as he descended the steps. "We can't go to General Cotton's. Ah! there's Philip now."

His glance had fallen upon an approaching figure, which, by its upright, elastic movements, and general carriage, he recognized as that of his nephew. He immediately assumed a drooping position, leaning heavily upon his staff, and moved forward as if with extreme difficulty, his eyes twinkling under his slouched hat, as he muttered:

"Now I shall prove you, young man! Now I shall learn if by nature you are really generous and kind-hearted, or if your generosity to me was but an artful plan to enlist my gratitude and affection, and make yourself my heir. Now I shall prove you a hypocrite."

He paused in the shadow of one of the houses as Philip approached him, and directed Sir William to retire to the deeper shade of a neighbouring porch. As his nephew was about to pass him, the philosopher said, with affected trepidation:

"Charity, sir, for one who has never begged before—"

Philip stopped beside the pretended mendicant on hearing these words, and without a suspicion of his identity, bestowed upon him a few copper coins. He was then about to pass on, when his heart was touched at the attitude of his disguised relative, and said, kindly:

"Your plea is a very common one, and yet I will not doubt your truthfulness. This is a bad night for an old man like you to be abroad, and on such an errand. Have you no home?"

"I have a miserable shelter," replied the philosopher, disguising his tones, and restraining his impulse to quote Diogenes. "But I have no fire, and nothing of what you would call the necessary comforts of existence."

"That is hard, and I am sorry for you," replied Philip. "I see from your language that you must have known better days. Do you live far from here?"

The pretended mendicant named a street as having the honour of containing his residence.

"That is a long distance for you to walk to-night," said Philip. "You must take an omnibus to return home. Tell me your number, and I will call upon you to-morrow, and see what I can do for your comfort."

The philosopher gave a fictitious number, and Philip then pressed a larger donation into his hand, telling him to go home directly, and procure a good fire and warm food, repeating his promise of visiting him upon the morrow. Then, after adding a little instruction in regard to the kind of omnibus to take, and a few cheering words, the young man passed on and disappeared within the mansion of Mr. Travers.

The philosopher gazed after him with considerable feeling, exclaiming:

"He is really generous. He has a heart for the sorrows of others! I believe I have succeeded in finding what Diogenes sought in vain—a honest man! He certainly had no design upon me in leaving his pocket-book for my use. Come, Sir William!"

He hastened from the spot, pondering upon the unexpected result of his adventure, and when he had gained a safe distance, and a side street, he paused by

a gas-lamp to examine the money his nephew had given him.

"Three shillings, Sir William!" he said. "What do you think of that? Three shillings to a poor old beggar who has seen better days? But perhaps he is not really generous—only a spendthrift. Imagine a spendthrift on three or four hundred a year! He has probably a disregard for money, and ought to be a philosopher, and live as I do. There is material in him for a second Cato. He might be made a Diogenes. If he will, I will make him my companion, and he shall discuss with me the immortal principles of Pythagoras, Socrates, and Aristotle. He shall be Plato to my Socrates, and write down our dialogues for the benefit of coming generations."

An unwonted light glowed in the philosopher's eyes, showing that the prospect of companionship was very pleasant to him, notwithstanding his professed contempt of mankind, and there was an unwonted feeling about his long-frozen heart, showing that all human feelings were not dead within him.

Continuing his way on foot, the philosopher continued to address remarks to Sir William concerning Philip, quoting his favourite authors with his usual freedom, and with appositeness, and again expressing his opinion that his nephew would make a first-class philosopher if he could only be brought to despise the luxuries he now deemed necessary.

They made a strange picture as they passed along—that philosopher and his dog.

The tall, gaunt figure of the man, with his shabby, old-fashioned garments, and his strange, heavily bearded face, his air of respect and deference to his canine companion, made him seem like a being of another world, rather than like one of the shrewd beings who constitute the type of the men of to-day. And the dog, looking neither to the right nor left, yet keeping up a vigilance and watchfulness that never slackened, seemed almost to confirm the fond belief of his master that a human soul looked from his sagacious eyes, and that if he could speak, lofty thoughts would be enunciated by his tongue.

There were not many people abroad that night, yet every person they met turned to regard with curiosity those two personages, who, by the way, bore their glances with philosophic disregard.

They were advancing along an almost deserted street on their way homeward, when Mr. Ayns court suddenly beheld a woman struggling in the grasp of two or three intoxicated young men, whose boisterous laughter mingled with her cries for assistance.

There were no policemen within view, and, noticing that there were also no travellers but himself and Sir William, the philosopher addressed a few words to his dog, and hastened towards the scene of action.

"Degenerate men!" he cried, as he passed beside them. "Unhand that woman! Cowards—depart in peace!"

The men greeted this speech with an uproar of laughter, and one of them bade the philosopher move on and not interfere with their sport. By way of reply the old man addressed them in tones of fiercest denunciation, and in words which would have been appropriate to an Athenian mob.

Finding this unavailing, he lifted his stout oaken staff and applied it vigorously to the head of the nearest, bidding Sir William attend to the next. He diversified his performance upon the head of the first by striking vigorously the arms of the third, those arms being entwined about the struggling captive.

This mode of warfare soon made the philosopher and Sir William masters of the field, the young fellows wisely taking to their heels, and disappearing into an adjacent street, with many loud curses upon their singular enemies.

Their released captive stood quite still for a moment, until Mr. Ayns court had thanked Sir William for his able assistance, and was about to go away without a word to her, and then she sprang forward, expressing her thanks in warm terms.

"You needn't thank me," returned the philosopher, gruffly. "I don't like women, and cannot comprehend why they were created. There are no philosophical women now—no Hypatias and Aspasia!"

The rescued woman looked surprised, and very justly so, at this singular response to her earnest thanks, and Mr. Ayns court continued:

"It is time you were at home, woman. A dark and windy night is hardly the time an unprotected woman should choose for her promenade—"

"But, sir," interrupted the object of his censure, in a pleasant, womanly voice, "I was obliged to come out on business. I am a poor sewing-woman, and have been taking home some work to a lady who employs me. It was necessary to take it this evening, as I had but just finished it, and she desired to wear it at a party. I had no one to attend me, but had no fears, for I have never been insulted before. I



## [THE PHILOSOPHER'S EXPERIMENT.]

am too old—or at least I thought so—to be considered an object of insult."

"I thought women now-a-days never called themselves old," observed the philosopher, sarcastically. "You are a curious specimen of the species."

He regarded her attentively, the light of an adjacent lamp assisting his observation.

She was not old, as she had declared herself, nor was she young, having seen at least thirty-five years. She was without any pretensions whatever to beauty, either past or present, but possessed a gentle, womanly face, with a decidedly pleasing expression, and a modest demeanour.

Her form was good, being neither slight nor too well rounded, and her attire consisted of a suit of some cheap, grey material, which, however, gave her a remarkably lady-like appearance.

Despite his professed hatred of womankind, the philosopher could not avoid being favourably impressed by her appearance.

"Who are you?" he asked, abruptly. "And where do you live?"

"I live but a short distance from here, with my mother," was the reply. "My name is Myrtle Osmyn."

"Very well, Miss Osmyn, my friend and I will see you home."

Miss Osmyn looked around for the "friend," but beheld only the dog, whom the philosopher hastened to introduce as his most intimate friend, Sir William Hamilton.

The lady, for such she evidently was, despite her humble occupation, looked startled at this introduction; but a glance at Mr. Aynscoort's not unprepossessing face caused her to mentally excuse his eccentricity, and she led the way to her residence.

On the way the philosopher explained the name of his canine companion by informing Miss Osmyn that within that humble animal's body was imprisoned the soul of the distinguished scholar and antiquary, Sir William Hamilton. He found that Miss Osmyn was not altogether ignorant of the doctrines of Pythagoras, and she did not even smile at his singular belief, noticing that he sincerely believed what he declared.

"You should be a Hypatia, Miss Osmyn," he exclaimed, encouraged by her silence. "You should gather about you the great and the learned, and teach them the high principles of existence, and the lofty capabilities of the human soul."

Miss Osmyn was saved the trouble of replying, for they had arrived at her home, a very good house in a respectable street.

"I live here, sir," she said. "You must be tired after your assault upon those ruffians. Won't you walk up to my rooms and receive the thanks of my mother for your service to me?"

Notwithstanding his dislike to the weaker sex, the philosopher accepted the invitation in the name of Sir William and himself, and followed his conductress into the house, she having a latch-key.

She led him up to the third-floor, to a neat sitting-room, occupied by a fretful-looking old lady, who was sitting in state in a large rocking-chair.

This old lady Miss Osmyn introduced as her mother.

"How long you've been away, Myrtle," exclaimed the old woman, fretfully. "I thought you never would come home."

"I was obliged to alter the lady's dress, mother," answered Myrtle, in a gentle, respectful tone. "This gentleman has been very kind to me and has brought me home."

She proceeded to describe her adventure and the service Mr. Aynscoort had rendered her, while that gentleman surveyed the room and regarded the two women.

Everything was very poor in that little room, but everything was also scrupulously neat and clean.

A very small fire burned in the little stove, but the stove itself was polished to a painful degree of brightness.

The carpet was whole, but had been well darned, and Mrs. Osmyn's rocking-chair was covered with bright red moreen and ornamented with an antimacassar.

The old lady's dress was much better than her daughter's, being of soft, fine, woollen material, of a rich, dark colour, and her discontented, querulous face was framed in a cap of delicate white lace.

It was plainly to be seen that she was an invalid, and no very patient one either; but nothing could exceed the tenderness and respect of her daughter's manner, which manner seemed habitual.

"I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you for your kindness to Myrtle," said the old lady, when her daughter had finished her narration. "It's a hard life she has, sir, and I wonder she can be so patient. To think she should be obliged to carry home her work at night, and be exposed to insult, when her father used to be so well off. Well, this is a world of changes, and I shall be glad when I have quite done with it!"

Words of comfort were strangers to the lips of the philosopher, and he felt no inclination to utter them now, thus he turned from the complaining mother to

the patient daughter, and regarded her with a feeling of wonder at the unflinching gentleness.

Myrtle laid aside her bonnet and jacket, and, with but slight apology, took up a white cashmere opera-cloak which she was embroidering, and which was to serve as a covering to the dainty shoulders of some fair lady.

The philosopher watched her quick movements for a little while in silence, scarcely heeding the baffled curiosity of the elder lady with regard to himself; but at length he arose to take his departure.

He had not given his name, and no invitation was extended him to repeat his visit, although Miss Osmyn and her mother reiterated their expressions of thanks.

He did not reply to their parting salutations, probably deeming them a waste of words, but without even a bow, left the apartment, followed by Sir William, and gained the street.

"He's a perfect bear!" remarked Mrs. Osmyn, after he had gone. "I daresay he's a lunatic. To think of his calling his dog by a man's name! It's a mercy he didn't break your head with that staff of his as well as that of your assaulter. He must be poorer than we are, to judge by his clothes."

Myrtle bent over her work, sighed heavily, but made no reply.

The philosopher, with his dog, turned his steps homeward, declaring to Sir William that he no longer wondered that heathen nations put their old people to death, quite forgetting that he might come under the same category with Mrs. Osmyn.

But he did not express to his confidant his opinion of Myrtle. Perhaps the omission was because he did not think of her; but it is more than probable that his thoughts recalled more than once the gentle, womanly face and patient bearing of Miss Osmyn.

"A hard life! a hard life!" he muttered, almost inaudibly, as he neared the vicinity of his home. "She has a very hard life, and a splendid opportunity to discipline her soul. That old mother of hers is to that girl what Xantippe was to Socrates."

The philosopher and Sir William had now arrived in front of the restaurant or saloon whose keeper supplied them with food. A few men were lingering upon the steps, disagreeable as was the weather, and among these were heard exclamations calling upon each other to look at "the miser and his dog."

Mr. Aynscoort smiled cynically, caring nothing for their opinions or curiosity, and continued his way to his desolate home, giving an audible ejaculation of thankfulness when at length he reached its precincts and entered his dreary sitting-room.

(To be continued.)





## THE WRONG DRESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Golden Mast," "The Stranger's Secret," "Man and His Idol," "The Warning Voice," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

#### THE PHANTOMS OF THE MIST.

The quiet sky  
Still gave clear light enough for each to trace  
The lineaments of his opponent's face.  
Oh, God! that I had fired into the air!  
Oh, wasted agony! oh, futile prayer!  
Up to the heavens arose my great despair  
As he fell bleeding to the ground.

Olivia

The door closed upon me, as it might have closed upon my tomb.

The creak of the rusty hinges and the crash as it swung heavily to, awoke innumerable echoes, hollow and reverberating, and I shrank in dismay from the sound, and from the spot to which I had been consigned.

In the moment of parting, Jacintha had relaxed in her grim mood, so far that she had imparted a kiss on my cheek, and bade me good bye. Then she had handed me over to the porter with the sinister eyes, and the door shut her out from my gaze.

Even that one touch of softness and tenderness increased rather than subdued my uneasiness. Clearly some dismal fate was in store for me, some misery at which even her strong heart was moved.

What was this place?

A prison? Hardly: it was not vast enough, or sufficiently ponderous for that. A convent, an asylum—what?

These questions flashed through my mind as I found myself in a court, paved with irregular flags, through the interstices of which grass, thistles, and nameless weeds sprang up in profusion. The court was surrounded by a wall on three sides: on the fourth rose the front of a plain building, lime-washed to the roof, and with only a couple of windows visible, and those covered in with closely woven iron-wire. The door was at the side of the building under a porch, over which a vine was beginning to trail itself—the only thing in the way of beauty or ornament perceptible in any direction.

After a hasty and terrified glance, in which this was revealed to me, I turned to my companion, the porter, who had admitted me.

He was a short, thick-set man, with a red, ferocious face. When in repose, his eyes were fiery, and his thin lips were compressed in a manner that indicated

extreme firmness. His neck was short, and so thick and muscular that I could only compare it to the neck of an animal; the effect was increased by its redness, arising from his wearing the neck of his shirt always open. He was dressed in a blue blouse, with a leathern belt round his waist, from which hung a bunch of keys—one of them the key of the gate we had entered by.

In spite of my fear of this man and the severity with which he regarded me, I ventured to put a question to him, and to ask him whether I had come there to live?

He replied in a surly tone, and in a language I did not understand.

While speaking he led the way round to the vine-covered porch, and as I followed his jingling keys, I presently found myself inside the building—in a little room plainly furnished, where a woman sat with her back to the door writing at a desk.

Hearing us enter she turned round.

She was an elderly woman with white hair and a grave countenance, who, with the innate politeness of a foreigner, inclined her head, then, rising, took my hands, and impressed a kiss on either cheek. A word or two she also spoke; but it was in the Dutch language—for, as I afterwards found, I was in Holland—and was, of course, quite unintelligible to me.

Subsequently, by this lady's instructions, I was shown a little sleeping chamber, spotlessly white; but with a grated window, and there I found ready for me an entire change of dress—a change consisting of a blue serge gown, a white apron long and wide, and a white cap, highly starched, with frilled edges and flapping ends.

The effect of this dress was to produce a complete alteration in my appearance. No one could have recognized me in it—indeed, it seemed to me that I barely recognized myself.

As I look back, it seems to me that assuming this dress was the first great event of the day of my admission into that dismal place, the next, was my introduction to some twenty other girls, similarly attired, who were at play, in a quiet, subdued, un-English fashion, in a piece of enclosed ground at the rear of the house.

They received me with wondering eyes, ceased their play, and gathered round, as I believe, with kindly words of welcome. But of them all not one spoke to me in the only language I could understand. Their words conveyed no meaning to my ears. It was from their looks alone that I gathered the kindly feelings of their hearts.

The introduction, however, convinced me of one thing, as plainly as if I had been informed in words.

This was not a prison, nor a convent, nor a lunatic asylum. It was simply a school: one conducted on peculiar principles, and with special objects, but still a school. And I had not passed my first day in it without understanding perfectly why it had been selected as a place for my education. Among all those within its walls, teachers and pupils, not a single one apparently understood a word of English.

That was the strong recommendation.

My dismay at this discovery—at ascertaining that I was thus isolated and cut off from all communication with those around me, as completely as if I had been deprived of my faculties—may be imagined. My position was that of a prisoner doomed to solitary confinement; but, lamentable as was the aspect in which it presented itself to me, I could not complain.

Whatever my fate, I had brought it upon myself.

By my own act I had endangered the safety of those around me—my own safety even, for all I knew—and it was only natural that they should adopt means for their own security.

Their secret, I saw, they were resolved to keep.

At all risks, in spite of all catastrophes, they were bent on maintaining the mystery on which so much depended, and from the disclosure of which they had so much to apprehend.

How often, while penning these pages, I have been reminded of the poet's familiar lines, in which he shows us—

—What a tangled web we weave  
When first we venture to deceive.

Heaven knows in what dark moment of temptation Sir Gower and my lady mother consented to the deception they had so long practised, and which, if it had no worse result, had destroyed that happiness which parental love inevitably brings with it. Heaven alone could judge of their temptation, or the strength with which they had resisted it. I saw only the baneful consequences as reflected in my own life, and never more strongly than in that dismal pension, as it was called, on the plains of the Low Countries.

I do not care to dwell at any length on the dreary round of my daily life in that place.

Education was supposed to be the object of my being sent there; but there could be little taught and little learned, when teachers and learners were mutually unintelligible one to the other. Music and drawing, writing and embroidery, could be imparted, as they are imparted to the deaf and dumb, and in these I soon made progress; but no attempt was made to

instruct me in languages. Even the exchange of words between my fellow pupils and myself was discouraged, openly discouraged.

And the reason was obvious.

I soon saw that, beyond all question, the one end and object of my residence in that place was that the momentous secret might be buried as in the tomb. Everything conspired to render that almost inevitable.

Out off from the world it was impossible that I should encounter those who might recognize me.

Disfigured by a strange and quaint form of attire my very individuality seemed lost.

Thrown among those to whom I spoke an unknown tongue, it was impossible that I should give a hint or suggestion that could lead to a discovery of the truth.

More than that, as I soon found, the precaution had been taken to change my name. It was known by a Christian name only, and that not my own.

They called me Elise.

So, in every respect, the selection of this place for my education was a clever one, suggested, I had no doubt, by Jacinta's fertile mind.

But the gloom, the monotony, the weary, wearing existence to which we were doomed in that place, baffles description. We were all young, some on the verge of womanhood; but many were children. But on all there rested the grim shadow of the place. Unlike happy English girls, we were pale, quiet, and subdued. The bright looks and joyous laughter of newcomers rang discordantly through the rooms, and soon they grew anxious, painfully conscious, of this, and settled down into the subdued, chastened, neutral-tint tone of our conventual life.

As I have said, the house stood in the centre of a level plain, limitless in extent, stretching away in all directions to the verge of the horizon.

On all the wide expanse two objects only presented themselves to the eye. The glitter of winding, sinuous streams, narrow and sluggish at best, might be detected here and there, and in the far distance, away in the fogs, the sweeps of windmills revolved against the sky.

The little chamber assigned me was high in the gable-end of the house and overlooked this swampy, desolate waste, on which cattle never grazed, and which produced nothing but rolling mists, and a dank, unwholesome grass, in which flights of evil-omened birds concealed their nests.

Hour after hour I have sat at my window in the grey morning, or listening to the winds that moaned under the bright, cold moon.

Sometimes human beings would appear, no one knew whither, and would plod wearily over the plain, for miles and miles, now lost in the undulations, and now fading ghost-like into the mists.

But this was seldom—at long, long intervals. I almost feared them when they came, they were so ghostly, so like apparitions from another world.

Miserable and depressing as was the prospect beyond the walls, it had a fascination for me, as the open country from which he is debarred must have for the prisoner, however dismal and uninviting an aspect that country may present. Those broad, swampy, monotonous plains represented the world—that world from which I had been shut out, and I was never tired of gazing at them, early or late.

Thus it happened that one morning I sat in the cold twilight, out of which the stars had not yet faded, brooding and brooding, and with my eyes fixed on the gray plain that melted in the distance into mist and obscurity.

Thus watching and musing, I was suddenly startled by the appearance of two figures—men—moving just beyond the walls of our prison, towards which both turned back, and pointed, as if the place formed the subject of their conversation.

Dim as the light was, I could see this: I noted also that they walked arm-in-arm, and that one swung from his handle what looked to me like a despatch-box.

Conversing as they went, they moved slowly away, then were lost in a dip of the plain, and so vanished from my view.

It was a strange, an absurd fancy, as I decided, but I was nevertheless impressed with the conviction that the figure of one of those men was familiar to me.

"How can it be possible?" I argued. "Who, among the few human beings known to me, could have wandered into this forlorn and forsaken spot? Impossible!"

The point was still in debate in my mind when, as it seemed to me, the two figures reappeared; but in a direction in which I had hardly looked for them. Perhaps they had misread their way, I decided; it was easy enough to do so, even in broad daylight—most easy when the mists were out, and were so dense that the men appeared to me like phantoms rather than human beings. Phantoms as they were, however, I noted one thing, which had escaped my notice

before. I saw that one of them was enveloped in a cloak. Not he who carried the despatch-box—which I could still detect—but the other. It was a large cloak, and completely enveloped him. Strange that I had not before observed this!

Solitary and desolate as was my life, such an occurrence as this could hardly fail to make a deep impression on me.

I sat at the window, straining my eyes in the distance, and scarcely daring to breathe, so intense was my curiosity to learn what could have brought those men to that lonely spot at such an hour.

That they had come there for some set purpose was obvious; but that purpose—what was it? Again and again I asked myself the question.

In vain.

Here was a mystery I could not fathom: I could only sit, watching, watching—marking the effect of the growing light as the morning stole on, and waiting for what might happen.

On a sudden, I started up with a cry.

There was a sound in the far distance—a sound that I could not mistake. It was that of fire-arms.

Two shots were fired.

They succeeded one another so rapidly that the sound of the second might have been mistaken for the echo of the first; but I could not be deceived.

Unmistakably there was a second shot.

The effect of the two reports was to scare a flight of birds that rose like a cloud, hovered uncertain in the air, and then subsided.

Intense silence ensued.

Not a breath stirred.

In vain I listened and listened. Silence: nothing more. It grew broad daylight, and I heard nothing more.

What had passed had, however, been sufficient to convince me that a tragedy had probably been enacted almost within view of my window. Little experience of life as I had acquired, I had heard of duels: I had heard of deadly encounters taking place in the early morning, and in solitary spots like this, and I did not question but that the men I had seen were bent on such a meeting. The despatch-boxes, I decided, were pistol-cases. And when I came to think over the matter, I arrived at the conclusion that the figures I had first seen, had not, as I had fancied, reappeared: it was a second couple going to meet the first who had passed by, and on this supposition the mystery of the cloak was fully accounted for.

"And does some hapless being lie dead within the range of my vision?" I exclaimed. "Will the passing mists disclose his body to my view? Will the birds hover over it, waiting till it is abandoned to them?" The idea was too hideous.

I shut my eyes, and crossed my hands over them; but I could not quit the window. There was a fascination in all that I could not resist. Besides, the men might return by the same route, and then I should see by their numbers whether my misgivings were justified, or whether I perturbed myself in vain.

A terrible interval of silence and waiting ensued, during which I leant my brow on the cold stone of the window-sill, and gave free range to my worst apprehensions.

Everything served to convince me that my surmises as to the deadly encounter were correct, and I knew from the two shots—two and no more—that the meeting must have resulted disastrously. In the infamous code of morals of which the duel is the key-stone, honour is not vindicated unless blood is shed. So it was clear that of those shots, one at least must have taken effect.

This conviction was agitating my mind, when the utter stillness of the house was broken in upon by the abrupt and violent ringing of a bell. It was that at the gate, the ringing of which had heralded my own admission to that dreary abode.

I started up, and gazed intently in the direction of the gate, just visible to the right of my window.

So greatly had the morning brightened, that objects were by this time plainly discernible. Thus I was enabled to perceive that two persons stood facing each other just without the walls, and that something dark—it might have been only a fallen cloak—lay on the ground between them.

It might have been only a fallen cloak; but a shudder ran through my frame as I gazed at it. Could I doubt what that sombre drapery concealed?

Again, and again, the bell echoed through the house, and the summons remained unanswered. Then I could hear shuffling steps, and a low growling voice in the courtyard, followed by the drawing of bolts and the creaking of hinges.

The gate was open.

That a long parley ensued between the strangers and the fiery old porter, accompanied by much gesticulation and violence of action on both sides, was clear to me; but though the tones of the voices reached my ears, the language was foreign to me, and I understood nothing of what passed.

This only was clear to me as the result, that, after awhile, the Lady Superintendent, as she was called, made her appearance, and that then, with much scuffling and stooping, and no little difficulty, something was lifted from the ground and borne in under the gateway.

It was the rigid form of a human being, covered with a dark cloak!

I saw that; I saw that it was conveyed into the house, and then the porter returned, and the gate was closed and bolted. Shelter had evidently been accorded to the dead, as to the two living attendants on it. Three out of the four phantoms of the mist were under that roof, and the fourth—where was he?

Living or dead?

Had he fled, red-handed, from the side of his victim, or was he lying dead out there upon the oozy marsh?

To that question no solution was afforded me that day. The routine of our lives went on as if nothing had happened. We had our lessons and performed our tasks; we played our dismal games in the dreary playground, and no one seemed to suspect what had taken place without our walls, or to be conscious of the startling addition to our numbers within them.

That day and the next passed, and my anxiety was unappeased. Nothing tempted to throw a light on the occurrences I had witnessed. It was late in the evening of the third day, that, as I sat watching the clouds as a rising wind swept them in their wild beauty across the moonlit heavens, that the creaking of the gate attracted my attention, and I distinctly saw two figures emerge and steal away into the gloom.

Some hours afterwards, I was roused from a light sleep, and a dressing-gown having been thrown over my night-dress, was conducted from the room I occupied to one at some distance in the rear of the house.

It formed one of a suite of rooms seldom occupied. There my attention was directed to a couch, on which it was just possible to discover, by the light of a shaded lamp, that some one was reposing.

My entrance, accompanied by a domestic, caused the occupant of the room to turn slowly round in the direction of the door.

Then a feeble voice exclaimed:

"Is it the English girl?"

"Yes," I answered, eagerly.

There was something in the sound of my voice as well as in the words spoken, which caused the questioner to look up sharply, and to make a sudden effort to raise himself upon his elbow.

So our faces met.

And with a cry of astonishment I recognized the young sailor—Albany Seymour!

## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE WORK OF HATE.

Front to front in an hour we stood,  
And a million horrible bellowing echoes broke,  
And thunder'd up into heaven the Christless code,  
That must have life for a blow.

*Templeton's "Maid."*

HAD I gazed into the face that was more beautiful to me than any face on earth—that of the hapless Oliver—I could hardly have experienced more joy than I did in the moment of recognizing Violet's lover.

Cut off as I had so long been from all human converse—stranger as I had become to the sound of my own voice—it would have been inexpressibly delightful to me to be thrown into the society of the greatest stranger to whom I could speak a word with the certainty of winning an intelligible response. But to the joy of meeting one of my own countrymen, was added all the wonder and excitement of encountering an old friend under such circumstances.

Suffering and enfeebled, Albany did not at the moment recognize my face as familiar. The exclamation that escaped my lips was therefore startling to him.

"You have forgotten me?" I said.

He fixed a scrutinizing glance upon my face.

"What!" he ejaculated, with sudden earnestness.

"Is it not Violet's friend? In heaven's name how came you in this place?"

"I am receiving my education here," I answered, quietly; "but you—"

"That is a long story, a long, sad story," he replied, "but our meeting here is so strange I can think of nothing else. They told me one of the daughters of my own land was here, and I entreated that she might be brought to me; but this I could not have anticipated. Indeed, I have been little able to think of anyone or anything."

"Not even of Violet?" I asked, with a smile.

A painful look came into his white, attenuated face.

"If I could but be assured of her safety!" he ex-



claimed. "Oh, if I but knew her fate I would not even murmur at my own."

As I listened to those mournful words I could but recall the scene in which Jasper Newton had avowed his passionate love for the object of this man's devotion. He talked of the man himself. It was not a subject on which I could speak, yet my cheek burned with the guilty consciousness of knowing a secret which might not be mentioned, no, not even in the way of caution or of warning.

Fortunately for me, this free-hearted, ingenuous youth could not refrain from taking me into his confidence. The mere sight of one who knew—who had seen the woman of his love, overcame him with sympathetic emotion. And weak and incapable of exertion as he was, he insisted on confiding to me the circumstances that had brought him to that place and in that condition.

"I am ill," he said, "I am seriously wounded, and in the unskilful hands about this place such a wound may prove mortal. In that case, on whom could I rely to bear to Violet my parting words? But for this providential meeting she might never learn my fate. She might even become the wife of my murderer—but, no, no, no! That is impossible. I will not torture myself with the thought of it. If I do, I shall go mad!"

The exhaustion of these words forced him into momentary silence.

I did not speak. I had not the heart to tell him how hopeless my position was, and how slight was the chance that I should ever be able to convey his dying words to the ears for which they were meant.

When he at length revived, his communication took this form:

"It is not necessary that I should explain to you the persecution to which my poor Violet has been subjected ever since the death of those who were her natural protectors. No sooner had she been left an orphan than a party of wicked and unscrupulous men conceived the infamous project of getting her property into their hands. She was rich, as they knew, and wholly inexperienced, and such is the state of the law, even in England, that, without openly violating it, those who understand its workings have little difficulty in using it as an engine of oppression or extortion. One of the first steps practised by these ruffians—one of whom was executor to the will of Admiral Maldon, Violet's father, under which she inherits—was to obtain from her a power of attorney, whereby the infamous Gasparo was enabled to act in a very trifling matter as her representative. And no sooner was her signature obtained to that document, which had been expressly worded with villainous intentions, than it was altered so as, in effect, to include all the wretches required, and to render Gasparo almost absolute over the poor girl's affairs. Of the manner in which Gasparo and those with him acted, you had yourself an opportunity of judging. What passed before your eyes in the Italian's house was only a sample of the extremes to which his villainy carried him. For my part, I sincerely believe that it was only by a providential interposition that she ever came out of that house alive."

"But she did escape," I remarked.

"You mean wholly and entirely?"

"Yes. She succeeded in getting out of Gasparo's power?"

"She did, thanks to you; but to secure her safety it was necessary that we should fly the country. When Gasparo regained his freedom—"

"Ah, he was not convicted of the offence for which he was arrested, then?"

"No. By some ingenious device he once more broke through the meshes of the law he had so often violated. It was for a daring breach of the excise laws for which they took him, and the penalty imposed was a fine of twenty thousand pounds. It was supposed that this would be equal to a sentence of a term of imprisonment for life, as he would be unable to meet the fine. To the astonishment of everyone, however, he quietly wrote a cheque for that amount, and walked out of court a free man."

"He is very wealthy, then?" I exclaimed.

"His wealth is incalculable," was the reply; "and that is the source of the power that renders him so dangerous. Immediately on his release he returned to the house in which he had left his prisoner under the influence of the deadly drug which kept her in a state of insensibility, and to his dismay, found that she had departed. A little inquiry showed that she had gone before a magistrate and made a statement of her position, and that the magistrate had expressed himself unable either to interfere or advise. This was to an extent countenancing the villain. In the course he had already pursued—at all events, it showed him that he could persist in the same course with comparative safety, and then all his anxiety was to regain possession of the missing victim, chiefly, I believe, that he might prevent her taking any measures in her own defence."

"And did he succeed?" I asked.

"No," replied the sufferer, who all this while spoke with difficulty, "simply because we had timely warning of his movements, and were enabled to escape. We crossed to the Continent, and there made arrangements by which Violet should at least secure the legal protection of one who loved her."

I looked inquiringly, not quite comprehending what he meant.

He understood my looks, and resumed:

"Violet had no stronger wish than to become my wife. Mistress of her own actions, there was no impediment to that course, and it was understood that, immediately on landing, we should proceed to some French or German town, and that there the ceremony should be performed without delay. It was an additional inducement to this step, that Violet's enemies always dreaded and opposed her marriage, as raising a barrier that might prove fatal to their machinations. We knew this, and it strengthened the resolution we had come to. Full of anxiety, yet buoyed up with blissful anticipations as to the bright future possibly opening before us, we reached Brussels."

"In safety?"

"As we believed: but we were mistaken."

"You had been pursued?" I inquired.

"We had," he said, "and by one who of all others I little cared to encounter. But I will tell you what happened. On arriving at Brussels we drove to one of the first hotels, where I secured a suite of apartments for Violet. Next I took up my abode at another hotel in the neighbourhood, and then commenced arrangements with a view to our marriage. To all appearance there was nothing to interfere with or impede those arrangements. To all appearance, I say, because, while everything appeared fair and prosperous, the enemy was on our track and a storm was beating up."

He paused with momentary exhaustion, then resumed:

"On the second evening of our arrival in Brussels, we had dined together, and I had spent an hour with Violet, and having left her I was strolling home in the moonlight, placidly smoking. My mind was at ease, but full of thought, and I wandered on wholly absorbed. A half-cry or smothered exclamation caused me to start and look up. A man stood in the shadow of a tree under which this had happened, with arms folded, calmly confronting me. I knew him instantly; knew him as a man I had cause to fear and had avoided."

"It was an Englishman?" I asked.

"Yes," he returned, "a man of no position, and only known to me as one of the most audacious of Violet Maldon's foes—one who had done her a personal wrong—had insulted her by asking her hand!"

My heart beat quickly at these words.

"Was his name—?" I began, then stopped, confused and blushing crimson.

Surprised, he yet answered quietly:

"His name was Jasper Newton."

I clasped my hands in astonishment.

"And he was in Brussels?" I could not help exclaiming in surprise.

A look of mistrust, of painful misgiving, came into his face, as, without answering my question, he said:

"You know him?"

"Yes."

"It is as I suspected then," he exclaimed. "I did him no wrong, though he called heaven to witness that I did, when I charged him with being in league with those who were hunting her down to her destruction."

The thought of the fond mother and her pride in her noble boy came into my mind as he spoke. I remembered, too, the deadly hatred for the man before me which he had not scrupled to acknowledge, and I scarce knew whether to speak or to remain silent.

"He may be only your rival in Violet's love," I ventured to say.

"May!" he cried out, with a hollow laugh. "May—be—my rival!"

I heard the words as they fell like water drop by drop, and stared aghast.

"Let me get on," he said, in a hurried whisper, "let me get on, or my strength may fail me. As I have said, we met face to face, he under the branches, I in the moonlight. 'At last!' was the exclamation with which he greeted me. 'First or last,' I replied, angrily, 'what are my movements to you? We have met but once before—' And by God's help we shall meet but once again," he interrupted, savagely. I recoiled, not from his words, but from the tone in which they were uttered. 'Listen to me,' he said, before I had time to interpose a word. 'You are an unmitigated scoundrel. You have deceived a young and helpless girl from the protection of her friends, because you believe her to be rich—because you have a design upon her fortune. You have extorted a promise of marriage from her, and you think to carry

out your intentions here, in this foreign place, where you believe, she has no friends. You are mistaken, as you will find. That marriage shall never take place. Mark my words—it shall never take place!' Exasperated at his words, and at the audacity of his interference, I replied I scarce know what. I taunted him with being a rejected suitor, and charged him openly with having joined in the conspiracy to ruin the woman he had no hope of making his wife. My words were cruel and unjust. I knew it while I spoke; but I could not resist the utterance of them. I despised myself for saying what I did; yet my passion carried me on, and forced the bitter accusations from my lips. It was cowardly: it was indefensible, but I could not help it. Though my conscience upbraided me as I spoke, I could not help it."

"And he?" I asked.

"He? Ah, never shall I forget the livid rigidity of that face, as stepping a pace or two into the moonlight, he bent forward to listen to me. My words, I knew, I saw, raised a devil in his heart; but, to my surprise, he did not grow hot or angry, his eyes burned with a strange light, but it was not the light of passion. They had the expression that the eyes of the cobra bear. And when my gibes and reproaches ceased, he did not answer me with counter-charge or invective. 'Madman! we shall meet once again!' was all he said. 'No,' I cried, 'we shall meet no more, if it is to a hostile encounter that you allude. You are a coward, and will not dare to challenge me: I know you for one, and shall treat any message from you with the contempt it deserves.' As a tongue of flame leaps up on the hearth and dies away, so a momentary glow of anger flashed through his eyes, and was gone. 'One word,' he said, 'will you relinquish this woman?' 'Into the hands of her deadliest foe—never!' 'Enough: the consequences be upon your own head.' With this he turned from me, and was gone."

Again he paused, shifting his position on the couch for ease, then went on:

"Need I say that the meeting with this man, whom I had long known as a desperate rival for Violet's heart, greatly perturbed me? Clearly he had come to Brussels for some purpose that boded me no good. It might have been, as I had declared, as the agent of Violet's enemies; it might also be that the hopeless passion raging in his breast had dictated his departure from England. The latter seemed the more probable cause, partly from the evil manner in which he had conducted himself towards me, partly from the half-challenge to a personal encounter which he had so readily taken refuge in. One thing was clear—he hated me, and he meant vengeance."

I thought of the words in which Jasper Newton had given expression to that hatred, and I recalled those athletic exercises to which he devoted himself, and to which he owed his great personal strength and quickness of hand and eye. And as I listened, I asked myself: was that physical training only pursued with the one deadly object—that of ultimately destroying his rival in the heart of the woman he loved?

This thought was in my heart as Albany Seymour went on:

"All that night I lay awake, thinking of this meeting, and what would come of it. Next morning I saw Violet, who rallied me on my pallor and abstraction, but I resolved to say nothing of what had happened. All I could do was to force on the arrangements for our marriage as rapidly as possible, and to take precautions that under no plea whatever Violet might be torn from me. Unknown to her, I secured rooms in the same hotel as that in which she lived, and to these I determined to retire secretly each night, so that I might be on the spot, and therefore better prepared to meet any attempt to carry off Violet, either by force or stratagem. That some such attempt would be made, I had little question."

"All that had happened prepared you to expect this," I remarked. "Gasparo and his confederates would hesitate at nothing."

"True; and in this respect my worst fears were realised. But first of this man, my rival, and how he kept his word. The hotel in which Violet was lodged was, as I have said, one of the first in Brussels. It was specially famed for its *table-d'hôte*, to which all the *élite* of the place resorted. As you may perhaps know, in continental towns, it is customary for even residents to dine, as a daily thing, at the general table of some hotel in their neighbourhood, for which privilege they contract by the year. Thus it happened that every evening from a hundred to two hundred persons sat down in the splendid dining-hall of this hotel, and there it was my privilege to sit every evening by Violet's side. Imagine my annoyance when, on the evening after the meeting I have described, I saw Jasper Newton enter the hall, and make for a seat evidently secured and reserved for him, immediately in front of the seats we occupied. He came,

seated himself, looked over the wine-lists: did not raise his head. Violet, white with terror, clatched at my arm. With a pressure of my hand I tried to calm her, but in vain: she knew nothing of this man's presence in Brussels, and his sudden apparition startled her with a premonition of coming evil. For some minutes nothing happened. The host took his seat—it was a special custom there for him to preside, and the aristocratic guests prepared to commence dining. Suddenly this man filled a glass with the claret beside him, rose from his chair, which fell behind him with a crash, and threw the claret into my face. Then he folded his arms, and looked calmly and stoically on. Imagine the scene!

"It must have been most startling."

"Yes—blinded and dripping with the wine, I could see that the guests in all directions rose and gazed on in amazement. The proprietor raised his hands imploringly, and entreated them to be seated; but in vain. Twenty fierce voices demanded the cause of this outrage? 'You shall have it,' returned the calm voice of the aggressor; 'this man whom I have assaulted is a liar and a coward. He has made assertions inimical to my honour, and he has refused to give me the satisfaction of a gentleman.' Dead silence followed these words. All eyes were upon me: all waited to hear what answer I should make. There was only one answer, as I knew, that could satisfy them. 'If I have a friend here who will do me the favour of acting for me—' I began. It was enough. A dozen hands were eagerly thrust forth to grasp mine, and a murmur of applause went round. It was settled. Jasper Newton had carried his point—we were to meet once more! That decided, he withdrew with the friend I had selected, and the banquet proceeded as if nothing had happened."

"You met?" I asked, seeing that his strength began to fail.

"Yes. He would have it so."

"And you were no match for his skill and prowess."

"None. When we first met I had not a chance against him. Shall I tell you why? Because before we reached the field something had happened which took the strength from my arm, the courage from my heart, the light from my eyes, and left me hopeless and reckless."

"Bad news had reached you?" I asked.

"Bad news. Yes: in the cunning of his deadly hate, he had devised that on our very road I should learn what must unman and leave me helpless. It was on our way to the field the news reached me that over-night Violet had secretly fled from the hotel in which I had placed her."

"Fled! Violet fled?"

"That was the news designed to paralyze me—designed with fiendish malice to render me helpless in the field."

"And it did so?"

"For a few moments—yes. Then the thought of it fired my heart and nerved my hand. Unused to such deadly scenes, I might have hesitated—relented—yielded to some qualms of conscience as to my right to take away another's life, even on his own provocation. But when I saw the deadly glitter of that eye, when I marked the curl of scorn upon that lip, and remembered that my death would give Violet into the man's power, I had no longer pity, compassion, or reluctance. Not a nerve quivered as I levelled my weapon full at his breast—"

"But it was you who were wounded?"

"True."

"His aim was sure then?"

"Very."

"And yet you smile. You who fell wounded—"

"As he fell—fell dead!"

I had not thought of that, and the revelation took away my breath. Jasper Newton dead! That fine, handsome, manly form, cold and rigid in death! I could not realize it, and as I strove to do so, the only picture my mind conjured up was that of the poor mother, with her white hair, and her gentle eyes, weeping tears of bitterest anguish over the loss of him who was her heart's pride, the joy of her life, the prop of her existence. Poor misguided lad! Poor, weeping, forlorn, heart-broken mother!

"Commisération, I suppose, was strongly expressed in my face, for the wounded man added, apologetically:

"It was his own act, not mine. God knows I never sought his blood. I think of him dead by my hand, not without pity; but without remorse. And now you know the dismal history of my coming to this place: but not my motive in confiding it to you. That is a very simple one. It may or it may not be my fate to quit these walls alive. In the meantime Violet is in danger—she has fallen again into the hands of those who can mean her nothing but ill. But it may be in your power to serve her. Sooner or later you will leave this place—"

"For my grave," I answered, solemnly.

Such an answer from one so young not unnaturally caused him to look up in surprise.

"You do not mean this?" he said, "you cannot believe that your life is destined to be passed in this dismal abode?"

"I have no other hope," I returned.

"Indeed! There is some mystery here! Come, I have confided in you absolutely: will you not gratify the curiosity which your own words have awakened?"

"There is little reason why I should refuse," I replied; "my life is not so happy that I need care what effect words of mine may have upon the future of it. But you are tired, exhausted?"

"No: you have aroused my interest—"

He was interrupted.

The opening of the door, slowly and quietly, caused us to look round, and we saw with some surprise the stern, inflexible face of the Lady Superintendent.

"I cannot permit you to be fatigued any further," she said, addressing the patient in good English, "Elise, you will retire."

I bowed and obeyed, filled with astonishment.

So, then, the Lady Superintendent had all this while played a part with me. She had affected utter ignorance of my language, not one word of which had ever fallen from her lips in my hearing, whereas she had a perfect acquaintance with it.

Could Sir Gower and my lady be acquainted with that fact?

It was impossible to say.

And if it was concealed from me so long, why should the secret now be disclosed?

The only answer I could find for that question lay in the supposition that the Lady Superintendent wished to convey to me the fact that every word we had spoken had been overheard—as I had no doubt it had—and that it would be useless for me to attempt to communicate anything to Albany Seymour, since I should be understood and interrupted.

Clearly it had been made worth her while to preserve the family secret inviolate.

(To be continued.)

EATING.—The world at present is in trouble about everything. Among all comes the doubt of what we eat. "Don't eat beef!" cries one, "there is danger of pneumonia;" "Avoid hog," says a second, "his full of trichinae;" "Never eat mutton," says a third, "there's murrain in it;" "Avoid poultry," says another, "a mysterious disease has seized the hens." The worst disease, I think, is the price; but these fellows howl these things in our ears, and we remember in their adjurations the old alarm, "There's death in the pot!"

A CALDRON containing a large assortment of antique armour and armourers' tools was accidentally discovered in the Carlinwark Loch, Castle Douglas, recently, by Mr. Samuel Gordon and Mr. J. T. Blackley, while fishing in the loch. They saw a brass caldron in the mud, and hooked it on board. The contents filled two fishing-baskets with spear and sword points, axes, hammers, horse-bits, pieces of chain and plate armour, and a lot of armourers' tools, the whole weighing several stone. The caldron itself is about 2½ feet diameter at the mouth, and will contain about 30 gallons. It is built of pieces of brass tastefully fastened together with small rivets, and patched in a great many places with the same neatness. The opinion is that they were immersed about the year 1300. It is a matter of history that Edward I., when in possession of Galloway, had a camp in the Fir Island, and the remains of a camp have been found in it. This caldron, when unfit for its usual purpose, may have been used by the armourer or smith of the camp as a receptacle for his scraps, old tools, &c., and when the party evacuated the island, they may, to prevent the Gallovidians getting any metal into their possession, have rowed it out into the loch and sunk it where it was found.

THE building for the great Paris Exhibition for 1867 is progressing rapidly. More than one-half of the works is completed, and by September it is calculated that the principal part of it will be finished, so that during the winter months the activity with which everything is now being pushed forward will somewhat slacken. It is estimated that by the 1st of September the amount spent upon this undertaking will have reached eleven million francs. From its present advanced state the *ensemble* of the palace can be distinctly seen. The principal entrance and grand vestibule are on the north of the Seine side of the building. Crossing this vestibule, which is about 140 feet in breadth, we enter the principal nave, 100 feet in width and 80 feet in height. This immense gallery goes round the entire building, and is to contain every description of machinery and the various instruments and tools employed in the industrial arts. From this you pass into the outer galleries or naves,

till you reach the centre of the building and the walls of the central edifice. Running along these walls there are to be two galleries, one of which is intended for the reception of the works of art of all nations. A little farther on is a kind of raised promenade, covered with an elegant tent. The garden is to be adorned with statues, lawns, fountains, and everything capable of relieving the eye fatigued with the sight of the interior. Around the outer circle of the principal gallery there is to be a small gallery about 30 feet broad and 22 feet high, which will contain the provision shops of all nations, set out in their national style, and offering for consumption the national meats and drinks.

#### CIVIL LIST PENSIONS.

The following is a list of all pensions granted between the 20th day of June, 1865, and the 20th day of June, 1866, and charged upon the Civil List (pursuant to Act 1 Victoria, c. 2):—

Nov. 18, 1865, Miss Elizabeth Ann Bisset, £20, in consideration of the literary merit of her father, the late Dr. Bisset.

Feb. 21, 1866, Dame Clara Bromley, £60, in consideration of the meritorious public services of her late husband, Sir Richard Bromley, K.C.B., and the destitute position in which she is placed.

Oct. 24, 1865, Mr. Edward Capern, £20, in addition to the pension of £40 which he now holds, bestowed upon him in acknowledgment of his literary merit and failing health.

Jan. 29, 1866, Dame Elizabeth Eastlake, £800, in consideration of the services rendered by her husband, the late Sir Charles Eastlake, to the Crown, and of his high attainments in art.

March 23, 1866, Mrs. Mary Gordon, £50, in consideration of the eminent literary merits of her father, the late Mr. John Wilson, formerly Professor of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh University.

Jan. 29, 1866, Miss Matilda Mary Hays, £100, in consideration of her constant labour of mind and her distinguished attainments in literature; Dame Helena Maria Hamilton, widow, and Ellen Eliza Amelia Hamilton, daughter of the said Sir William Hamilton, Astronomer Royal of Ireland, £200, in consideration of the distinguished merits of the said Sir William Hamilton; Eliza Montgomery, widow, and Lily Montgomery, daughter, of the late Dr. Montgomery, £100, in consideration of the abilities, learning, and attainments of the said Dr. Montgomery.

March 23, 1866, Dame Margaret Anne Phipps, £150, in consideration of the long, faithful, and confidential services rendered by her late husband, Sir Charles Phipps, K.C.B., to her Majesty and the Royal family.

Jan. 29, 1866, Miss Eliza Mary Roberts, £200, in consideration of the high mechanical inventions and scientific acquirements of her late father, Mr. Roberts. Total, £1,200.

HUGH C. E. CHILDERS,

June 28. Whitehall, Treasury Chambers.

DEATH OF "OLD SOLOMON."—This animal, which was perhaps the oldest horse in the county, died a few days ago, at the age of thirty-seven years. He was the favourite of the late Lady Ramsay, of Bank. Sir James, her husband, ordered him not to be killed. Sir George Ramsay gave effect to the wish of his late brother. Many curious anecdotes are told respecting the habits of the animal—one of them is, when he was brought to the door of the mansion for her ladyship, the beast would never move until he received a good piece of oat-cake.

THE Prussian needle-gun, it appears, was tried repeatedly last year at the request of the Emperor of the French by scientific officers. They admitted its good qualities, but raised two objections, which were considered fatal. The gun can be fired six times in a minute, but the seventh or eighth time the barrel becomes so hot that it cannot be touched. This is the first objection. The second is that the gun requires to be repeatedly cleaned, and that with a care which the soldier is not able to bestow while in action.

INSANITY IN FRANCE.—A Government inquiry into the statistics of insane persons throughout France yields the following results:—Out of 84,321 persons suffering from insanity, in 358 cases it was due to overwrought brain; 2,549, to domestic troubles; 951, loss of fortune; 803, loss of a dear relative or friend; 620, disappointed ambition; 120, remorse; 223, anger; 31, joy; 836, love; 477, jealousy; 368, pride; 123, political events; 82, sudden change from an active to an inactive life; 115, solitude; 139, solitary confinement; 78, home sickness; 1,095, religion; and 1,628 miscellaneous unstated causes. Of the above number of insane, 53,000 were in private houses; the expense to the State of those in public establishments was a little over eight million francs.





[BLIND TOM.]

## TOM, THE BLIND NEGRO PIANIST.

THE Negro Boy Pianist, Blind Tom, the musical prodigy who has created so great a sensation throughout the United States, has arrived in England, and will, we understand, shortly make his appearance in public. His execution of the most difficult music is a perfect marvel. Blind and untaught, he plays the most brilliant pieces; and the extraordinary retention in his memory of any composition he may have heard—and which he at once repeats with extraordinary precision—has earned for him the title of a musical monstrosity.

This extraordinary boy was born near the city of Columbus, in the State of Georgia, about the 25th of May, 1849. Shut out from all knowledge of the external world but such as could be acquired by hearing and by touch, his whole being seemed to be open to and occupied by touch and sound. No matter what its character—the moan of pain, the cry of anger, the harsh grating of the corn-sheller, the roar of the thunder, and the soft breathings of the flute—all were music to him.

Before he was two years of age Blind Tom sang everything he heard. When the young ladies of the family, upon their return from school, sat upon the steps and sang, Tom came and sang with them; and such were the facility and correctness with which he took up the air, that they were impressed with the belief that he did not have to learn the tune, but that upon hearing the first note he knew intuitively the balance. Soon, without knowing but from the promptings of nature that there was any such thing, he began to sing seconds.

At about four years of age he heard the sound of a piano for the first time. Upon the arrival of the in-

strument he was amusing himself as usual in the yard. The first touch of the keys brought him into the parlour; he was permitted to run his fingers over the keys, simply to gratify his curiosity, and to indulge his propensity to make a noise; this luxury he enjoyed occasionally only, as he could chance to find the parlour empty and the piano open. Very soon, however, between midnight and day, he found his way into the parlour, the piano having been left open, and the young ladies were awakened by the sound of the instrument. To their astonishment they heard Tom playing one of their pieces; and the coming of morning found him still at the piano. After this he was allowed to play occasionally, and his powers were so rapidly and so astonishingly developed that in a little time he was permitted to go to the piano at his pleasure. From that day he has played everything he has heard. He is still developing new and startling powers, the existence of which has been heretofore unknown to the musical world, and the possession of which seems to have been vouchsafed by the power of heaven to Tom alone.

Seventeen teachers of music in Philadelphia spontaneously testify over their own signatures as follows:—

"The undersigned find it impossible to account for these immense results upon any hypothesis growing out of the known laws of art and science. In the numerous tests to which Tom was subjected in our presence, or by us, he invariably came off triumphant. Whether in deciding the pitch, or component parts of chords the most difficult and dissonant, whether in repeating with correctness and precision any piece, written or impromptu, played to him for the first and only time, whether in his improvisations or performances of compositions by Thalberg, Gottschalk, Ascher, Verdi, and others—in fact, under every form of

musical examination (and the experiments are too numerous to enumerate), he showed a power and capacity ranking him among the most wonderful phenomena recorded in musical history."

Blind Tom plays with wonderful effect some pieces of his own composition. One of these he composed when he was not yet five years old. It was immediately after a storm, and he called it, "What the wind, the thunder, and the rain said to him." Another he composed after hearing the various excited accounts of the first Bull Run battle. The imitation of the setting-out and approach of both armies, the skirmishing, the fight, the whistle announcing the approach of Kirby Smith's reinforcements, and the terrible retreat, are wonderful, and bring tears to the eyes of his audience. He plays a variety of the most difficult music of the great authors, with a delicacy of touch and a power of expression such as is rarely heard.

## SIGNIFICANCE OF HAIR.

HAIR parting naturally in the middle, and falling over the temple, as it generally does in women and sometimes in men, indicates the feminine element, and in a man symmetry and beauty of soul—genius of a certain kind, which implies the feeling of the woman combined with the thought of the man.

It is a very common characteristic among poets and artists, as seen in Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Dante, Raphael, Titian, Handel, Mozart, Tasso, Chaucer, Keats, Burns, Hoffman, Longfellow, and others. In pictures of Christ, and in other exalted, highly refined and beautiful characters, this peculiarity is always introduced by the artist.

Sometimes the hair, on rising from its bulbs, turns in irregular rings on the forehead, giving an open air to the physiognomy. This indicates good-nature as well as exuberant vitality.

Crinkled, wavy, and close-curling hair and beard indicate vivacity and excitability, if not brilliancy. Regular curls symbolize ideality, and when only part of the hair is worn in curl, are instinctively disposed over the organ of that faculty. Straight hair may be said to indicate, in cultivated persons, evenness of character and a straightforward honesty of purpose, as well as a clear head and good natural talents.

The darker the hair, the more robust the body, as a general rule, and the coarser the skin and tissues of the body; but sometimes the hair and skin are, at the same time, dark and fine. The dark-haired races are physically the strongest, but less endowed intellectually than the fair-haired. The first are more inclined to manual labour and active exercise, and the last to mental exertion. The dark races are workers, the light races thinkers, poets, artists, &c.

Black hair indicates strength and predominance of the bilious temperament, as in the Spaniard, the Malay, the Mexican, the Indian, and the negro.

Red hair is a sign of ardour, passion, intensity of feeling, and a purity of character, and goes with the sanguine temperament, as in the Scotch, the Irish, the Swede, the Dane, &c.

Auburn hair is found most frequently in connection with the lymphatic temperament, and indicates delicacy and refinement of taste, and if the mind be cultivated, fine moral and intellectual powers. It is common among the Germans, the Danes, and Anglo-Saxons.

Dark-brown hair combines the strength of the black with the exquisite susceptibilities of the light hair, and is, perhaps, all things considered, the most desirable.

THE demolitions in Paris are continuing as actively as ever, for the formation of new streets and boulevards. Within the last few days the city of Paris has been condemned to pay nearly £750,000 English for a few houses in the Rue Lafitte and the Chaussee d'Antin, which it requires to pull down for the prolongation of the Rue Lafayette. This large sum will give an idea of what demolitions in Paris cost.

CURIOUS MATRIMONIAL COMPLICATIONS.—The Queen's eldest son—the Prince of Wales—is married to a daughter of the King of Denmark, who has been deprived of a large portion of his territories by the King of Prussia, uncle of the husband of the Queen's eldest daughter, and this mutilation of Denmark was effected nominally in the interest of the Duke of Augustenburg, whose younger brother, Prince Christian, has been married to the Queen's third daughter, the Princess Helena. 2. The Queen's first cousin, the King of Hanover, has been deprived of his kingdom by the same King of Prussia, in whose army the Queen's son-in-law, the Prince of Prussia, is a commanding officer. 3. Prince Alexander of Hesse, who commands the Federal army raised to oppose the King of Prussia, is brother to Prince Louis, the husband of Princess Alice, the Queen's second daughter. 4. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Prince Albert's brother, and brother-in-law to the Queen, holds command in the King

of Prussia's army now invading Hanover, which kingdom, by the way, until the accession of her Majesty, formed part of the territory of the Kings of England. And lastly, Prince Teck, recently married to the Queen's first cousin, the Princess Mary of Cambridge, holds a commission in the army of the Emperor of Austria, and may at any time have to leave his bride for the seat of war, to fight the King of Prussia, who has the Queen's son-in-law and the Queen's brother-in-law both officers in his army.

### ARRESTED FOR MURDER.

I HAD called in at Drakely's office to smoke a cigar with him and have a quiet chat over old times. We got to talking about celebrated murder cases, and he related to me the circumstances of a singular case which was intrusted to him when he was quite young at the bar.

"Did I ever tell you of the Tainter affair?" he asked, suddenly.

"Never," I answered.

"That is strange, for though it was almost my first case, it was the most singular one that ever fell into my hands. It happened many years ago. I had almost forgotten it. Speaking of murder trials has brought it back to my mind. I will tell it to you, if you like?"

"By all means."

I settled myself in an easy position and prepared to listen.

"It happened, as I have said, many years ago," began Drakely. "I had been just admitted to practice at the bar, and was on the look-out for clients. One day, to my great surprise, a lady came into my little office—a lady elegantly attired, of prepossessing appearance, and apparently thirty years of age.

"Whatever sent her to me, a young, obscure lawyer, was a mystery to me then, and has remained so to this day. It was merely chance, probably. Seeking a lawyer, she had seen my sign, and, thinking one lawyer as good as another, had sought my office.

"Her business was soon made known. Her husband was in gaol, arrested for murder. His name was Lyme Tainter. He was charged with the murder of Melancthon Faraut, a wealthy gentleman, who had mysteriously disappeared some six years previously, and had never since been heard of.

"Olive Tainter appeared quite overcome at the position in which her husband was placed, and I discovered in the course of the long conversation that followed, that her agitation was not entirely owing to the perilous and dishonourable situation in which he stood, but was rendered keener from the fact that she herself, in a fit of jealousy, had placed him within the iron grasp of the law. Never shall I forget the despairing expression of her face as she revealed this humiliating and, to me, astounding circumstance. She told me the whole story without reserve.

"I had intimated to her that a lawyer was like a doctor, and must know the truth to do any good—but I will not relate it here, as I received all the particulars from the man himself, in a more succinct manner, afterwards. Suffice it to say, the case looked very bad for Lyme Tainter. Papers and jewels belonging to the murdered man had been found in his possession. From a poor clerk, he had suddenly become rich—a shrewd but fearless speculator in fancy stocks. A legacy had been the reputed cause of his sudden accession to wealth.

"Instigated by the demon jealousy, as she herself confessed, in deep contrition and late repentance, she had sent an anonymous note to the Chief of Police, stating that if the private safe in Lyme Tainter's chamber were examined, proof would be found of his knowledge of the mysterious disappearance of Melancthon Faraut, for whose recovery a large reward had been offered at the time. The case was still on record, and the information was deemed worthy of notice.

"Lyme Tainter's house was searched, property and papers found there which the relatives of the missing man immediately identified. Tainter was overwhelmed with confusion and dismay at the discovery, having all the appearance of a guilty man. He could not, or would not, give any satisfactory explanation of the means by which they came into his possession, consequently he was arrested and conveyed to prison. The relatives of the murdered man were wealthy and influential, and were determined to bring the full punishment of the law upon him. The grand jury found a true bill against him, and in a few weeks Lyme Tainter would be brought to the bar to answer to the dread charge of murder.

"Everything he possessed had been attached as being the property of Melancthon Faraut, though his speculations must greatly have increased the original amount obtained from the deceased—his wife acknowledged that he had appropriated a large sum; he might be guilty of theft, she said—but murder!—oh,

no, his hands were as free from blood as hers! He had told her, for she had visited him in prison, to obtain a lawyer, the best she could get, and she had stumbled upon me, who was probably the worst. However, I did not think so at the time; I was not free from the overweening confidence of youth, and was fully satisfied that I only required an opportunity to become a Rufus Choate.

"I undertook the case; yet, in spite of my confidence, I could but confess to myself that it was very doubtful, and that circumstances looked extremely black for my client. It would give me notoriety, however, even if I failed to clear him, and in the event of a success—and the law is a very uncertain business—it would be the making of me.

"The poor, heart-broken creature thanked me as fervently as if I had already saved her husband's life, and took her departure.

"The next day I called upon Lyme Tainter in his cell. We all have our ideas of a murderer—though where we get them from it would be a puzzle to tell—a dark-browed man, with his dread crimes stamped indelibly upon his repulsive features.

"Lyme Tainter was nothing of the sort. In the place of the murderer of our imagination, I beheld a man of medium size, tastefully dressed, with a clean shaven face, light brown hair, inclined to be curly, pale blue eyes, a long straight nose, and thin-cut lips, which at the time I saw him were strongly marked with indecision, and had a nervous twitching, indicative of a vacillating mind.

"His features wore a haggard, almost ghastly look. His short imprisonment had made fearful ravages in his appearance. To my inexperienced eye he looked like a guilty man.

"He seemed rather surprised at my youthful appearance, and a look of disappointment swept over his face, whilst his lips twitched, with that peculiar motion I have described, convulsively. He questioned me, when I had given him my card and stated the object of my visit, in a nervous, abrupt way, asking how long I had practised.

"Of course I was obliged to confess my short experience, and began to fear that my client would dismiss me forthwith, but he came to a decision in my favour, after traversing the narrow limits of his cell a few moments, something after the manner of a wild beast in its cage.

"It does not matter," he cried, suddenly pausing in his walk; 'you will do as well as an older lawyer—perhaps another would not undertake the case. I am sure to be convicted—no earthly power can save me;—but, as heaven bless me, I did not kill Melancthon Faraut!'

"Of course that was but a natural assertion under the circumstances, and did not have much weight upon my mind. Tyro as I was, I knew that I must have the truth, whatever plea was put forward before the judges, and I told him so.

"The truth is what I intend to tell you," he answered, sadly; 'but I warn you, you will not believe it when you have heard it.'

"Allow me to be the judge of that," I answered. "This is the strange story he told me, as nearly as I can remember, in his own words:

"What I am about to narrate necessarily involves a portion of my humble history, for the better understanding of the peculiar circumstances which have placed me in my present dreadful position. Six years ago I was a poor clerk in a broker's office, having a wife and two babes to support out of my scanty salary. From motives of economy, I rented a small cottage—my means not affording a house in the city. Besides, it was much healthier for the children. The rent was reasonable, and our cottage was comfortably furnished, but my salary was only sufficient to provide for our wants from year to year. I could lay by nothing. This was a perpetual thorn in my mind, and, much as I loved my wife, I sometimes regretted that I had ever induced her to share my poverty. The innocent prattle of my children, as I held them upon my knees, when I returned home after office hours, was a pain, not a pleasure, for the question would intrude itself upon my mind. What will become of them if any accident, sickness, or death, should befall me? It was an unworthy reflection, but who can refrain from such thoughts?

"I merely tell you this to show you the channel into which my thoughts had tended, rendering me susceptible of becoming the easy victim of a strong temptation. It was while my mind was in this morbid condition that an adventure occurred which entirely changed the current of my destinies, and will end in an ignominious death.

"He paused a moment, as if overcome by the painful emotions his words had conjured up, and then proceeded.

"Returning home one evening, later than usual, my attention was attracted by the actions of one of the passengers upon the ferry boat, who seemed to be in a state of partial intoxication. I was the more sur-

prised at this as he was an elderly man, quite sixty years of age, I thought, well-dressed and of very respectable appearance. A heavy watch-chain and seal depended from his fob, and he seemed a man of wealth. He accosted me, which first drew my attention towards him, in a very incoherent manner, and I became satisfied from his rambling words that he had got upon the wrong boat and was quite ignorant whether he was going. I endeavoured to set him right, but his mind was bewildered beyond the power of comprehension.

"I want to go to Barnes," he mumbled, in constant repetition.

"You have taken the wrong boat," I answered; "it goes to Greenwich."

"Greenwich—Greenwich—Greenwich!" he kept reiterating, over and over, in a vacant kind of way. "Good place to hide it there—good, good, good!"

"He turned away muttering to himself, and I thought no more about him for the moment. It had now become quite dark—added to which, a storm was rising, and a thick fog began to settle over the water. I knew my wife would be anxious about me, as I was so far beyond my usual time of returning. There was quite a lonely way I had to traverse along the river to reach my cottage, and her mind had become excited over the numerous reports with which the newspapers edited their readers, of nightly assaults and robberies committed in the city and suburbs, for 'garroting' was then at its height. But what did I fear? My poverty was a safeguard.

"As I left the boat, the old man jostled my elbow, and turning, I saw, by the light upon the pier, that his eyes had a singular, wild expression, and it suddenly flashed through my mind that he was not intoxicated, as I had at first imagined, but insane. I shrank from him instinctively.

"After leaving the boat and turning into the street—gloomy and dismal enough it looked—that led to my home, some one went hastily by me, mumbling and muttering to himself. It was the old man again. He was going in my direction. I slackened my pace—in fact, paused in a doorway, having no desire for such companionship. As I did so, two men came hurriedly by, conversing in whispers, and evidently ignorant of my proximity. I got just a glimpse at them as they passed. They were two rough-looking fellows, whom I had observed in converse with the old man upon the boat. It flashed upon me at once they were following him with the intent to waylay and rob him.

"The impulse sprang up within my breast to follow and prevent the commission of the crime. I acted upon it without consideration. Cautiously, keeping in the shadows, I followed upon their footsteps. The way grew more lonely, and the gas-lamps shone at rare intervals. At the ship-yard—a long gloomy stretch—I lost sight of them. They seemed to have been swallowed up in the thick fog. Whilst I paused, wondering what had become of them, I heard a smothered cry coming from the river side. I comprehended the situation—the ruffians were plundering, perhaps murdering their victim.

"With a recklessness which I wonder at now, shouting:

"Ah, villains, only let me get at you!"

"It might have fared hardly with me had they waited to receive my attack, but guilt is proverbially cowardly, and they scampered away at the sound of my voice. I could but smile at its ludicrousness. But what had become of the old man? After quite a search in the thick gloom, I found him extended near the water's edge.

"He was still and motionless. I put my ear to his lips—no breath came from them. I placed my hand over his heart—it had ceased to beat. I had arrived too late! I was appalled at this discovery—alone in the gloom of night, with a dead man for my companion. My limbs fairly shook beneath me, my hair bristled up in terror, and the cold perspiration stood heavy and damp upon my brow.

"The old man was dead, and the robbers had gained nothing by the deed, as my sudden appearance had prevented them from plundering their victim. I knew this, as in feeling for his heart my hand had come in contact with his watch and chain. A sudden fear seized upon me. Should I be discovered alone with the murdered man I might be accused of the deed! If so, how could I prove my innocence?

"I started hastily to my feet and glanced around in alarm. A thick fog enveloped me, rendering all objects dim and indistinct, even at the distance of a few feet. All was quiet, no sound breaking the stillness of the night but the plashing of the water as the river swept on in its course.

"The fear passed away, and was succeeded by another idea. The man was dead, killed by unknown ruffians, who, in all human probability, would never be discovered.



"Whatever valuables he had with him at the time of his death were left upon the body—the possession of them might enrich me for life, relieve me from the poverty which was fast wearing away my better nature. I did not hesitate long over this idea; I thought only of the escape which it would afford me from the bitter thoughts which had perplexed my mind so long, and never paused to consider the after consequences of the act.

"I rifled the pockets of the man; and then lifting it in my arms, cast it into the river. The tide quickly bore away all evidence of the deed. But for the heavy pocket-book and watch which I had thrust hastily into one of the outer pockets of my coat, and which I held my hand over for security, I should have thought the whole affair a dream.

"I scarcely know how I reached my home. I did so, unconsciously as it were, and without interruption. My two little girls were abed and asleep, but I found my wife awaiting me.

"The supper table was spread. She saw at once that something unusual had befallen me. I did not dare to tell her the truth, but, inventing a story of having found them, produced the watch and pocket-book.

"We eagerly examined its contents. It contained a much larger sum than I anticipated—notes, bonds and certificates of stock to an amount of nearly twenty thousand pounds. I discovered from the papers it contained that the name of the murdered man was Melancthon Faraut.

"My wife was sure there would be a large reward offered for the restoration of the property, and as I ate my supper chatted over the affair in a lively manner, considering it quite a piece of good luck. I said nothing, but kept my own counsel. I began to realize that if the body should be found and the property discovered in my possession, I should be placed in a position at once dangerous and difficult of extrication. It was too late for repentance now. Returning the property would not avail me. I had crossed the Rubicon of crime, and must needs go on.

"A few days after an advertisement appeared in the papers announcing the mysterious disappearance of Melancthon Faraut, and offering a large reward for any intelligence that would lead to his restoration to his friends. My wife saw the advertisement, and a strange suspicion flashed through her mind—a natural one under the circumstances. You will understand what it was. She thought I had killed Melancthon Faraut. To combat and destroy this fatal suspicion, I was obliged to tell her all. She believed me, though she afterwards used that knowledge for my destruction. The body of Melancthon Faraut was never discovered. The side had probably carried it far out to sea. This is a story—I can hardly hope you will believe it; yet, as heaven hears me, it is the truth.

"As his lawyer, it was my duty to believe him, but, I must confess, my credulity was somewhat staggered; however, I put as bold a face as I could upon the matter, gave him all the encouragement I knew how, and bade him hope for the best, leaving him to the society of that benevolent deity who has been called by the learned German Kotzebue, the 'nurse of life.' I trust he had hope; I sincerely confess I had not. To me his case looked desperate—extremely so.

"To preserve the continuity of my narrative, I will now give you the facts which led to his arrest, although they did not come to my knowledge until afterwards.

"These facts are the history of Lyme Tainter from the time of his acquiring his ill-gotten wealth up to the date of his arrest for the murder of the missing man, Melancthon Faraut.

"Carefully concealing the watch, which he dared not dispose of, and those papers and securities which it would have been dangerous to attempt to turn into ready money, Lyme Tainter commenced a new career—in fact, stepped upon the high road to fortune, for everything prospered with him from that time. A legacy left to him by a distant relative was the plausible excuse for his sudden possession of wealth, which he magnified fourfold, as about five thousand pounds was all of the stolen property (that is, if we accept his story as truth) which he dared to use. He withdrew from the humble capacity of clerk, and became a broker.

"A few daring and successful speculations—he was well acquainted with the various stocks in the market—largely increased his means. His success was almost fabulous. The very fact of his purchasing stocks sent them up in the market, until at last his judgment was deemed infallible.

"I need not tell you that success always stamps a man in any walk of life; he is considered wise, the unsuccessful as foolish, no matter what abilities he may possess. Those generals who win battles are heroes. I have not time to discuss the point—I can only leave it with the parting reflection that 'tis true, and pity 'tis 'tis true,' as Shakespeare says.

"In three years Lyme Tainter found himself worth fifty thousand pounds, with the reputation of being worth half a million. He now occupied a fine house, recently purchased and splendidly furnished, in Irving Place, and lived an extravagant and luxurious life. This was the result of that canker which we call conscience, that gnawed unceasingly in his breast. He sought to drown the small still voice in reckless activity and unceasing gaiety. He threw himself into the whirlpool of fashionable folly when not engaged in stock gambling, never allowing himself time to think. But the spectre followed him like a shadow, and its dark presence was made manifest in the busy mart, on the brimming wine-cup, and beneath the glare of brilliant chandeliers that shone on fashion's votaries in the gay and glittering ball-room. If he went to the theatre, the plot of the play seemed always to turn upon some crime long hidden but at last discovered. Gladly would he have made the only restitution in his power by returning to the relatives of Melancthon Faraut the sum, twice told, he had taken from the body, and thus appeased his conscience. He dared not hazard the attempt. It would revive the memory of the dead man, now almost forgotten, and lead to researches which might end in his detection.

"The watch and papers were locked in his private safe, closely watched over and carefully examined every time he opened it, with a morbid fascination which embittered his life. Strange he could not bring himself to destroy them. Once out of the way, the papers burned, the watch crushed to atoms, he might have bid defiance to all fear. Knowing this, with that weakness, vacillation, which is such a marked singularity in the record of criminals, he could not bring himself to destroy all proof of his guilty deed. It almost seemed as if the inscrutable will of Providence made him retain the fatal evidence which was necessary for his conviction.

"Thus he lived on, the volcano beneath his feet liable at any moment to burst forth and overwhelm him. A woman brought on the catastrophe. Nothing ever happens in this world without a woman having something to do with it.

"The belle of the season was Enna Marzet, the only daughter of the rich merchant Jacob Marzet. She and Lyme had been well acquainted in their youthful days. Indeed, Enna had been well pleased with the comely person and intelligent face of Lyme Tainter. A coquette from instinct and position, knowing no wish ungratified, it had pleased her to accept attentions from Lyme which had given rise to ambitious hopes within his breast. Lured on by her treacherous smiles, he had made the desperate venture—proffered love which met with scorn and ridicule. However much she might have fancied the young man, Enna was too worldly wise to risk her position in the world by uniting her destiny with a poor clerk. So she laughed at him, and told him he was foolish. A truth which in his rage and mortification he was fain to admit.

"The heart she had so cruelly treated was cordially welcomed by another, and in the love of Olive Harmon he found ample consolation for the proud beauty's scorn.

"Enna turned pale and bit her lip spitefully when she heard of his marriage. Though she did not want him herself, it annoyed her to think that he could so speedily transfer his allegiance to another.

"They met again in society, but their positions were now changed. He was her equal, and treated her with a cold courtesy that stung her proud soul almost to madness. Enna was still in her prime—but twenty-five. The years of their separation had passed lightly over her regal head. Her dark eyes still shone with all their languishing lustre, her brown tresses were still luxuriant, the peachy bloom of her complexion unimpaired; she still reigned the queen of her circle, and all wondered that she had refused the tempting proposals which had been offered her. She was too fond of the homage and adulation which followed her to yield up her throne and settle down into the to her, dull monotony of married life.

"The coldness of Lyme Tainter annoyed, enraged her. No handsome woman can bear to have her charms slighted, particularly by one who has formerly been an admirer. She determined to bring him to her feet again.

"What was there in the pale, quiet little woman who bore his name, who had usurped her place—for with the perversity of her sex she now acknowledged that Lyme Tainter was dearer to her than she had thought, and should have remained single until his sudden accession to wealth had removed the social barrier between them—to keep him faithful to his vows?

"What Enna really purposed would be hard to say; nothing criminal, certainly; merely a desire to test her old lover's heart and see if her image had indeed faded from it, an innocent flirtation to try her power and see if she could not win his allegiance from the woman she felt an intense hatred for, and from no

other reason but because she was Lyme Tainter's wife.

"An opportunity came. A picnic had been arranged. Mrs. Tainter, detained by the sickness of her eldest girl—she was devoted to her children—remained at home. Lyme went alone. Enna was one of the party. She fastened upon him during the sail up the river with a pertinacity which he could not shake off without descending to rudeness. He was too much of a gentleman for that.

"He found himself, without exactly knowing how it had been brought about, acting as her escort, to the great displeasure of Mr. Frederick Sparkler, who had counted upon filling that office himself.

"Unconsciously, as it were, when they had landed, she drew him to a secluded knoll which commanded a fine view of the river. The rest of the party had withdrawn in various directions, Mr. Sparkler consoling himself with a beauty of lesser magnitude than the imperious Enna.

"Is not the view from this point beautiful?" asked Enna.

"Beautiful!" answered Lyme, laconically.

"What a type of human life is yonder river!" pursued Enna, reflectively, and glancing furtively at Lyme—"moving with restless force towards the sea. So our destiny hurries us along, a broad current that bears us like the ripples on the water, towards the sea in which we are swallowed up—the grave!"

"Such words from the lips of fashion's petted idol roused even Lyme from his abstraction, to glance with wonder in the fair face beside him.

"You are in a strange mood to-day," he said.

"Do you wonder that I should feel so?" she replied, "when all around us looks so bright and beautiful?"

"I do indeed," he answered. "I should never have dreamed that such a feeling could have found a lodgment within your breast."

"And why not?" she continued, arching her brows prettily, and casting a strange glance at him.

"You have so little cause for sadness," he replied, bewildered by that peculiar look, and taking an interest in her words for which he could hardly account. "The world's gifts have been showered on your head; wealth, beauty, and scores of sighing admirers—in your train, what could you wish for more?"

"Wealth, true; beauty, oh, yes; I will not affect to think that I am not beautiful. Were not my mirror sufficient evidence of it, I am told so every hour in the day, and that should have convinced me of the fact before now. Indeed, if my memory prove me not treacherous, it is not the first time you have told me so."

"She glanced at him archly; he winced at her words and coloured deeply. He had not yet forgotten her cruel scorn and rejection of his suit.

"Wealth! beauty!" she continued, pensively.

"Oh, yes! to some the possession of these might be happiness, but to me—well, why weary you with a girl's morbid fancies? What are the many suitors who cluster around me, like moths attracted by a light? They seek only my wealth; there is not one true heart amongst them all. Do you think me rightly punished?"

"Punished? I do not understand you."

"There was a time when I was loved for myself alone—when a true, sincere affection was offered me, but, all unconscious of my folly at the time, I cast the precious treasure from me."

"She turned away from him and buried her face in her hands. He could not possibly misunderstand her words; they overwhelmed him. Bewildered and amazed, he could only gaze on her like one entranced, without the power of replying.

"Have you wondered," she said, at length, removing her hands and disclosing a flushed face, "like the rest, why I have never married?"

"Yes—yes," he stammered, whilst his heart throbbed painfully, and the blood went tingling through his veins. "Why? tell me why?"

"Because my heart is empty; I have no love left to bestow," she answered, diffidently, casting down her eyes.

"He forgot everything but that one delicious, maddening thought in the delirium of passion excited by her words. He grasped her hand fervently within his own.

"Enna!" he cried, wildly, "you love me still?"

"Do not ask me," she exclaimed, gazing around in alarm, and quickly withdrawing her hand.

"Good heaven!" he said, frantically, beating his brow with his clenched hand like a madman—and he was little better beneath the subtle fascination of this artful woman. "Why did you reject me—why scorn my love?"

"I did not know my own heart then. Alas! I am punished for my girlish scorn of your suit."

"You love me—and I am the husband of another."

"The fault was mine," she murmured, huskily. "Oh! why did I speak of this—why do you force me to betray my secret? We must never meet again. Let

us join the others; our absence might excite remark, but after to-day let our paths be separate."

"Separate, Enna! would you doom me to despair? Your presence will be as necessary to me hereafter as sunshine to flowers. Let me bask occasionally in the beams of your beauty; it will be a solace and a consolation to my distracted heart."

"We will be friends, then, true and trusting friends; but guard my fatal secret as you would your life."

"With these words they joined their friends. I have reason to believe that in her secret heart Enna gloated over the triumphant success of her scheme in bringing the vacillating heart of Lyme Tainter once more in her toils."

"You can surmise what followed. Thenceforth the unhappy man dogged her steps like a shadow. Such attentions could but excite remark, and Enna was not spared in the gossip that followed, and her hitherto irreproachable name suffered from the eagerness with which she pursued her revenge. She never calculated that her reputation would be tarnished in her efforts to destroy the domestic peace of Mrs. Tainter, for that was the consummation she had in view, as well as the reconquest of her former lover's heart."

"There are always plenty of good-natured friends in this world to communicate unpleasant tidings, and Mrs. Tainter was soon apprized of her husband's attentions to Enna Marzet. Knowing that he had formerly been a lover of hers, her jealousy was at once aroused."

"Fierce recriminations ensued. She deemed him guilty when he was only foolish—there is no reason in a woman's jealousy. Goaded to madness, she disclosed the fatal secret of the stolen property (for Tainter was certainly guilty of theft, if nothing else), and the catastrophe was accelerated. But most bitterly did she regret her rashness when she saw her husband arrested for murder, and realized that she had sent him to his doom."

"Perhaps no one was more astonished than Enna Marzet at this startling development in Lyme Tainter's career. She availed herself of an opportunity that then presented itself to make a Continental tour with some friends, in the hope, as she confidentially remarked to an intimate, that Lyme Tainter would be hung and forgotten by the time she returned."

"You now have all the points of the case up to the time that I was called upon to act as counsel for the accused. After my first visit I began to have serious doubts of my ability to conduct the case to any satisfactory termination. I did not consider that Tainter had the slightest loop-hole of escape. On my second visit I advised him to employ the first talent in the city. He only shook his head, sadly."

"You will do as well as any one else," he said. "The best service you can do for me is to get me a dose of poison, and save me the trouble and disgrace of a trial. Come, I still have money at my command. Five thousand pounds for an ounce of prussic acid. That is more than your fee will come to for defending me."

"This proposal by no means tempted me; great as the bribe was, I did not dare to risk my professional reputation upon the very threshold of my career, if I had not been restrained by conscientious scruples. I never believed in suicide, and certainly would not have been accessory in such a deed. I endeavoured to console him, repeated the usual trite expressions made use of on such occasions, 'There's many a slip between the cup and the lip,' &c., and left him, perfectly satisfied that he was guilty. If he had not killed the deceased, why not trust to his innocence and stand his trial like a man? Of course I was young then, and not as familiar with human nature as I have since become. It was very evident that if Lyme Tainter could obtain poison he would not await earthly judgment, but take his case before a heavenly tribunal."

"I was very much afraid that Mrs. Tainter would supply him with the deadly drug, and I called upon her for the express purpose of dissuading her from acceding to his wish. I told her while there was life there was hope (I dwell largely in aphorisms in those days), and that some defect in the indictment, or flaw in the evidence, might set her husband free."

"I can scarcely convey to you the perplexity and anxiety of my mind as the day of trial rapidly drew nigh. I could neither eat nor sleep with any degree of comfort. The prisoner in his dungeon was more at ease than I. His mind was made tranquil by the assurance, on my part, that if he was convicted I would furnish him with poison and save him from an ignominious death upon a scaffold. I had succeeded in inducing him to allow me to dispose of what funds he had concealed from the clutches of the law to the interest of his wife and children, and felt tranquil in one respect—he had no money left to bribe any one else."

"The day before the trial I was sitting in my office, puzzling my brain over my brief, and vainly endeavouring to arrange some plausible means of defence that might lead to the acquittal of Lyme Tainter, when I was disturbed by the unceremonious entrance of a visitor. He was an old man, plainly, not to say poorly, attired. He was of very venerable appearance, with long locks of silvery hue, and benevolent though deeply sunken eyes. A highly respectable-looking, elderly individual."

"Another client," thought I.

"Are you Mr. Drakely?" he inquired.

"I answered in the affirmative."

"Retained for the defence of Lyme Tainter?"

"The same."

"He seated himself opposite me and placed his hat upon the table."

"Would you have any objection to giving me all the particulars of this strange affair?" he asked.

"Really, sir—"

"I hesitated, for I was very busy over the case, and had neither leisure nor inclination to gratify what I considered to be an idle curiosity."

"You think my request impertinent—it is not so. Believe me, you will do more to ensure the acquittal of your client by giving me the next two hours of your time than any purpose you could devote them to. I want the whole particulars, not the garbled accounts of the newspapers—I want to know what explanation this Mr. Lyme Tainter gives of the manner in which he became possessed of Melancthon Faraut's property."

"My dear sir, you must be aware that, as Mr. Tainter's lawyer, it is impossible for me to give you the information you desire."

"My good sir," returned the strange old man, composedly, "as Mr. Tainter's lawyer, I tell you that if you will give me the facts I request, under promise of strict secrecy upon my part, mind, I will furnish you with a witness who can prove that Lyme Tainter did not kill Melancthon Faraut."

"As you may imagine, such a chance was not to be thrown away. I closed with my strange visitor's proposal at once, and, under pledge of strict secrecy, revealed the true facts of the case as I had heard them from the lips of Lyme Tainter. The old man was deeply interested by my narration, to which he paid the strictest attention. Some further conversation passed between us, which satisfied me that his aid would be a valuable acquisition to me; and promising to be at hand during the trial of the morrow, he took his departure."

"The trial commenced with the usual preliminaries, and Tainter's 'unfledged lawyer'—meaning myself—was well snubbed by judge, prosecuting attorney, and the petty officials of the court; but I corked up my indignation and waited."

"The evidence was all in on the other side, and the lawyer retained for the prosecution of the charge had, in his opening, made a withering speech against my client, painting him in the blackest colours, as a midnight assassin and plunderer, that told powerfully on the jury. Lyme Tainter was already judged and condemned in the minds of judge and jury, when I arose to commence the defence."

"In the first place, may it please the court and gentlemen of the jury, I shall merely remark that I can controvert all the evidence which has been arrayed against my client, by the words of one witness only—in fact, the only witness I intend to call to refute the charge which has been brought against my client."

"There was a general titter on the bench and among the spectators in the crowded court-room, but the prisoner and his poor wife and children, who were present, looked sober enough. They did not know my strong point, and I went on composedly."

"A great deal of valuable time has been wasted in endeavouring to prove that my client, Lyme Tainter, murdered Melancthon Faraut; now, I intend to prove that Melancthon Faraut never was murdered; and the first witness I shall call for that purpose will be Melancthon Faraut!"

"The old man who had called upon me the day before in my office answered to that name and entered the witness box. They only stopped to prove his identity and the trial was over, and Lyme Tainter honourably discharged. The crowd hurraed, Mrs. Tainter fainted away, and there was a sensation generally. I obtained a carriage, in which we placed Mrs. Tainter and the children, and, as he insisted upon it, both Mr. Faraut and myself entered another carriage with Tainter, and accompanied him home."

"Over a light repast, which we all needed by way of refreshment, Mr. Faraut explained his miraculous escape from death, and providential return in season to rescue Lyme Tainter from his perilous position."

"Labouring under an aberration of mind in which he fancied that his banker was about to fail, he had drawn his money and securities from his hands, and was casting about for a place to secrete them, when

he rambled upon the Greenwich boat. He had a faint remembrance of receiving a violent blow or shock, and of being cast into the water. Then came a blank interval in which he could remember nothing. His return to consciousness found him the inmate of a lunatic asylum in Bremen, Germany, and he learned, two years afterwards, that he had been taken out of the water by an outward-bound Bremen ship, re-animated to life, but not to reason, kindly treated during the voyage, and on the arrival of the vessel in port sent to the lunatic asylum."

"It was fully two years before he entirely recovered from the effects of that terrible night; then he was restored to liberty, finding, to his great surprise, that he was still in possession of a fortune in diamonds, which had been concealed about his person, and were now restored to him."

"What had become of the rest of his property he did not discover until, after having spent three years in wandering about Germany, learning the language and visiting the various places of note, chancing to take up an English newspaper, to his great surprise, he saw an account of the arrest of Lyme Tainter for his robbery and murder."

"Having none but distant relatives living, he had been too negligent to inform them of his whereabouts. He was thunderstruck at this intelligence, and resolved to hasten home at once, and learn the truth of this strange affair. He embarked upon the next steamer that sailed, and arrived, as you have seen, in season."

"Mr. Tainter restored to Melancthon Faraut all of the property, with interest accrued, which had so strangely come into his possession, and they were ever after the best of friends. So ended the 'Tainter case,' which paved the way to the present excellent practice I now enjoy, and you see his story was true after all."

"Mrs. Tainter, I believe, was never jealous again. Strangely enough, Enna Marzet was removed from her path by what is called a 'visitation of Providence.' Returning from the Continent, she embarked upon one of those ill-fated steamers whose only record is, 'Never heard from' after their departure."

G. L. A.

## STATISTICS.

A WAR OFFICE return shows that in the course of the years 1864 and 1865 127 officers in the army died while on full pay. The sums which they had paid for their commissions amounted together to 110,010*l*.

IMPORTS OF BRIMSTONE, PYRITES, CUBIC NITRE, AND GUANO.—During the five months ending the 31st May, there were imported this year 19,219 tons of brimstone, 83,269 tons of pyrites, 25,097 tons of cubic nitre, and 58,641 tons of guano, against 15,263 tons of brimstone, 49,954 tons of pyrites, 14,707 tons of cubic nitre, and 76,230 tons of guano during the corresponding period of last year.

THE quantity of grain produced by Canada annually seems almost fabulous. Of wheat last year over 25,000,000 bushels were grown; 12,000,000 bushels of peas; 40,000,000 bushels of oats; over 1,600,000 tons of hay; 13,000,000 bushels of buckwheat; 28,000,000 bushels of potatoes, and 10,000,000 bushels of turnips. Canada also produced 30,000,000 lbs. of beef, sheared 5,500,000 lbs. of wool, and made 45,000,000 lbs. of butter.

COST OF WAR.—Between the years 1815 and 1864, 2,782,000 men were killed in battle. Of these 2,148,000 were Europeans, 164,000 inhabitants of the other continents. Thus, during 49 years, the average annual number who thus perished amounts to 43,800 men, not including the victims of disease engendered by the consequences of war. The Crimean war (1853-56) was naturally the most destructive, 511,000 men having perished during its course, 176,000 of them died on the field of battle, 334,000 from disease in hospital—256,000 being Russians, 98,000 Turks, 107,000 French, 45,000 English, 2,600 Italians, and 2,500 Greeks. The war in the Caucasus (1829-60) cost the lives of 330,000; the Anglo-Indian war (1857-59) 196,000; the Russian and Turkish war (1828-29) 193,000; the Polish insurrection of 1831, 150,000; the civil war of Spain which raged 1833 to 1840, to 172,000; the war of Greek independence (1821-29), to which Lord Byron fell a victim, 148,000; the various French campaigns in Algeria, from 1830 to 1850, 146,000; the Hungarian revolution, 142,000; the Italian war of 1859-60, 129,874, which last number may be thus analyzed: 96,874 fell on the field of battle, and 33,000 died of disease; of which 59,664 were Austrians, 30,220 French, 23,600 Italians, 14,010 Neapolitans, and 2,370 Romans. A curious result may be deduced from the above—namely, that a greater number perish by the disease incident to a camp life than are actually killed by shot and shell or



any other engine of destruction. As to the sums of money swallowed up by these wars, it is impossible to arrive at anything approaching a correct calculation. The Crimean war cost Russia 2,328 millions of francs (one million francs=40,000*l.*); France, 1,848 millions; England, 1,320 millions; Turkey, 1,060 millions; Austria, for mere demonstrations, 470 millions. Thus in two years and a half 6,526 millions of francs were spent. The Italian war of 1859 cost France 345 millions, Austria 730 millions, Italy 410 millions. Thus, in two months, 1,458 millions were swallowed up.

## TEMPTATION.

By J. F. SMITH.

Author of "The Will and the Way," "Woman and her Master," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER LIX.

He hears  
On all sides from innumerable tongues,  
A dismal universal hiss—the sound  
Of public scorn. *Millon.*

At the first sound of his nephew's voice, Colonel Barratt, like a person suddenly deprived of all power, sank back on the chair he had so lately quitted; his jaw fell, and he remained gazing on the speaker in speechless terror; whilst that of his confidant was scarcely less ludicrous.

"By heavens!" exclaimed the major, "if it is not Peapod!"

"At your service, gentlemen!"

Several of the junior officers tried to get up a cheer, but the surprise was too strong upon them to succeed.

"Never mind," observed his lordship, who appeared heartily to enjoy the scene; "do better next time! My dear uncle," he added, gazing on the still terror-stricken countenance of his relative, "this is true affection—quite touching—joy at my unexpected return has rendered you speechless!"

"Living!" exclaimed the colonel.

"As you say, living, my dear uncle—thanks to the devoted friendship of Captain Foster, whom I am sure you will all welcome for my sake, to say nothing of his own distinguished merits!"

"Yes, certainly—most happy—grateful!" muttered his relative.

"You appear so!" observed his nephew, with an ironical smile.

The major, who had felt secretly annoyed at the airs which Colonel Barratt had given himself on his supposed accession to the peerage, left his seat and shook the real Lord Peapod most cordially by the hand; all the officers followed his example, with the exception of Marshall—conscience had riveted him to his seat.

"You must leave the room!" whispered our hero.

"The excitement is becoming too much for you!"

"Not for the world!" replied his lordship, firmly.

"For your friend, then!" continued Clement; "who urges your compliance with his request as the only recompense for the service which you say he has rendered you! What can you desire more? Your triumph is complete!"

"You can do as you please with me!" said the invalid, in the same undertone; "and perhaps you are right, after all; for one glass of wine with the friend that loves us—one warm pressure from the hand that never betrayed us—are worth the homage of a world peopled with hearts like mine!"

Rising from his chair, he bowed coldly to the guests of his uncle—met, as it were, to celebrate his supposed death; and leaning on the arm of his true friend and adviser, quitted the room, leaving confusion, bitterness, and disappointment, mingled with some satisfaction, where lately all had been hilarity. Such is the world!

Few men ever possessed greater facility either in making or abandoning his friends than George IV., whose character in every domestic relation of life—whose ingratitude to the political party who supported him, when Prince of Wales, against the jealousy of the mad old king, his father—drew on him the scorn and contempt of every rightly judging mind.

These, unfortunately, were not the only causes of his unpopularity. His treatment of his unhappy wife—the heartless neglect of his former boon companion, Sheridan, in the hour of poverty and death—his conduct to the poet Moore—Fox—in fact, to all who had served him—completely disgusted the nation. Consequently, although his regency had been marked by the most brilliant page in England's annals—for her arms were everywhere victorious—it shed no halo of glory upon him. At the review in Hyde Park he had been hissed by the people in presence of the allied sovereigns, and the insult rankled deeply in the callous thing he was pleased to call his heart.

When Lord Bearmouth, one of his former friends—we use the word in its conventional sense, for selfish men

are incapable of possessing real friends—heard of the outrage, and how deeply the prince felt it, he observed, with a cynical smile, "that the thing was impossible—it being a notorious fact that Whales were insensible to feeling till penetrated beyond the blubber."

The *bon mot* was a coarse one, and the Regent never forgave it. He had seen with princely equanimity the country driven to the verge of rebellion—the mechanics of Manchester and Birmingham starving; but what of that? Plenty reigned at Carlton House, whose orgies rivalled those of Lucullus. But the slightest allusion to the obesity of his person stung him, and an intimation was conveyed to his lordship that he would not be received at any of the levees or drawing-rooms to be held in honour of the visit of the allied sovereigns.

Some men would have retired before the storm. Lord Bearmouth, on the contrary, found a pleasure in braving it. Possessed of one of the largest fortunes in Europe, he rivalled the Regent himself in the splendour of his table, the brilliancy of his *fêtes*.

On one occasion, all the world—or rather the fashionable portion of it—were raving at the magnificent diamond epaulettes worn by the prince at a grand ball at St. James's. A week afterwards, Lord Bearmouth gave one, which the Grand Duke Nicholas and Constantine honoured with their presence. At supper the imperial guests were waited on by four fat footmen, each wearing, instead of the shoulder-knots, diamond epaulettes, fac-similes of the Regent's.

Never had the royal taste for the vulgar magnificent received so severe a rebuke.

Mad with anger at the ridicule thus deservedly cast upon his august and corpulent person, his highness decided on giving an entertainment which should eclipse all that had hitherto been recorded of royal prodigality. Invitations to a banquet on what was intended to be an unexampled scale of splendour were issued from Carlton House. A stream of real water—as they say at Astley's—was to flow through the centre of the table, in which gold and silver fish were to be seen sporting, to the admiration of the guests. On this occasion the twelve golden salt-cellars, representing the same number of jackasses, with panniers to contain the salt, were first used. The hour fixed was an unusually early one, to enable the Regent and the allied monarchs to attend the opera in the evening.

Lord Bearmouth boldly announced a party for the same night. More—he determined that this time his triumph over his *ci-devant ami* should be complete.

The opera was *Didone Abbandonata*, with Mademoiselle Cherini as the prima donna.

For the enormous sum of one thousand guineas, she consented not only to absent herself from the theatre, and sing at his lordship's party, but to keep her intention a secret till the last moment.

She kept her word, and only informed the director of her intention about an hour before the usual hour of performance. The unhappy manager was in despair. Three sovereigns expected, and no *Dido*! His first thought was to commit suicide; his next, to fly the country; his last—and consequently the most reasonable one—to hasten to the palace and inform the Prince Regent of the dilemma in which he found himself placed. Just as he had made up his mind to this humiliating step, a note was placed in his hand. He read it attentively, and for some moments appeared lost in mental calculation.

"Who brought this?" he demanded.

The reply was: "Two ladies, who were still in their carriage at the stage-door!"

"Admit them!" he exclaimed, with the air of a man who has just taken a desperate resolution; "it is my last chance!"

By eight o'clock the theatre was crowded with the *élite* of the fashionable world. So great had been the excitement that almost fabulous sums had been given for boxes, and stalls intrigued for with as much perseverance and tact by dukes and lordlings as though the Garter had been the object of contention, instead of an opera ticket.

Lord Bearmouth's box—one of the best in the royal circle—was occupied by three or four ill-dressed, vulgar-looking men, who had all the appearance of servants out of livery—and such, in fact, they were. At the back was a shrewd, clever-looking personage—his lordship's secretary—who was charged to report everything that might transpire to his employer, who counted on the mortification of the Regent, and the triumph which the absence of the *prima donna* would afford him.

It was something to boast of that the Regent of England and his royal guests had been disappointed of hearing Mademoiselle Cherini sing, because she was engaged at Lord Bearmouth's party. The affair of the diamond epaulettes sank into insignificance compared with such a success.

Long and patiently had the eyes of the audience been directed to the royal box. The doors opened at last, and the Prince Regent, accompanied by the Emperor Alexander, the King of Prussia, and the usual

cortège, made their appearance. The national anthem was sung, and the opera commenced.

The secretary of Lord Bearmouth was puzzled. He could not comprehend the affair. *Dido* without *Dido* appeared an impossibility—although on the English stage we have frequently seen *Hamlet* minus the philosophic Prince of Denmark. But the public were not so indulgent in those days as in ours.

Before entering on the scene, the Carthaginian queen has a short recitative, which is sung from behind the scenes. This had always been one of Mademoiselle Cherini's weakest points in the part—for her voice was worn, and it was only in passages requiring great brilliancy of execution that the defect of the organ was vanquished by the science of the artists.

To the astonishment of the audience and the confusion of the secretary, the recitative was given with a purity and freshness which had not been heard since Madame Garrachi represented the *réle*. Many of the *habitués* of the theatre were forcibly reminded both of her method and intonation.

"It cannot be Cherini!" was whispered in the stalls.

"Who can it be?" wondered the ladies in the boxes.

The question was soon answered, for the next moment *Didone* herself appeared upon the scene—not in the person of the *prima donna*, but in that of a fair girl, whose youth and extreme loveliness excited a murmur of admiration through the house.

At the blaze of light, the crowded state of the theatre, the *débutante* trembled and hesitated. It was a critical moment. A single hiss might have changed the feeling of the audience. An unknown singer had replaced the idol of the opera in her most brilliant character. Without a word of apology or explanation, the public had been trifled with, as well as mystified. Fortunately, the presence of the allied sovereigns prevented the *contretemps*. It was not etiquette to express disapprobation in the presence of royalty—and for once fashion was enlisted on the right side.

At the end of the first cavatina, her success was confirmed. But it became a perfect triumph in the *duo* in which she upbraids *Æneas* for abandoning her after the many proofs she had given him of her passion.

At the conclusion of the fourth act the secretary left the theatre, and hastened to report progress at Bearmouth House—feeling that his employer for once had been defeated.

Her Russian admirer had just led Mademoiselle Cherini from her seat at the piano, when Signor Garrachi made his appearance. The artful woman attributed his pale features and disordered appearance to jealousy, and, with her usual want of consideration for the feelings of others, redoubled her flirtations with the *aide-de-camp*.

"I have just left the Opera!" he whispered, in a low tone.

"Do speak out!" observed the lady, anxious that the Russian should witness the confusion and consternation her absence from the theatre had occasioned. "It appears affected to whisper! I suppose they changed the opera!"

"No."

"No!" repeated the artists, in a tone of unfeigned surprise. "Who, in the name of fortune, replaced me?"

"A fair young girl!" answered the Italian, not without a certain degree of malice.

"And they hissed her?"

"On the contrary, her appearance has created quite a *furor*! Never has *début* been more successful!"

"I'll not sing for a fortnight!" exclaimed the vexed *prima donna*, "to punish the insolence of the director and the ingratitude of the public! I'll order my carriage! No—I'll not let them see that I feel their treachery! Who is this girl?" she added; "this unknown star, who has so suddenly emerged from obscurity? Where has she been taught? Who was her master? Are you dumb? Can't you find words to answer me? or are you, too, one of her admirers?"

It was in vain that the obsequious slave of her caprice, who had opposed as far as he dared her breach of faith with the public and the manager, declared his ignorance on every point on which she questioned him. Mademoiselle Cherini insisted that he had been in the plot against her, chid him likewise disobedient laquetry for not having performed his duty in warning her of the meditated treason—as she was pleased to term it—and, having ascertained by her watch that the last act of the opera would not be over yet, hastened from the brilliant saloon, accompanied by the signor, and drove to His Majesty's Theatre, to confound her rival and the director by her presence.

"The last act!" she repeated to herself, as she thought of the difficulties which the music presented. "she must fail in that! No novice can succeed in it!"

It was her hope and consolation. The angry woman, half-mad with professional

jealousy and mortification, reached the house in time to hear the brilliant finale. The pure voice of her rival—fresh as at the commencement of the opera—fell upon her ear like the death-knell of her reputation as an artiste. She felt that she was eclipsed—that a fresh star had risen in the horizon, and her own sunk for ever.

After the fall of the curtain, the *débütante* was twice summoned before the audience, to receive their tribute of admiration. The Prince Regent sent the Duke of Devonshire to congratulate her and express the gratification her talent had afforded them. The fair young girl, who a few hours previously had been unknown, suddenly found herself one of the idols of the day—the fashionable world—or at least the male portion of it—at her feet. And yet, strange to say, the triumph afforded her far more pain than pleasure; for there was one being in the world whom she feared might disapprove of her appearing before the public.

That being was the hero of our tale—Glement Foster.

Taking the arm of a lady who during the performance had watched her success with intense anxiety, she entreated to the crowd of noble butterflies and worshippers who formed a circle round her, and withdrew with her companion to the director's private room, where a second triumph awaited her—the offer of an engagement to appear on alternate nights with Mademoiselle, to retain both attractions in the establishment.

The *débütante* regarded the lady who accompanied her as if to ask her opinion. It was given without a moment's hesitation.

"The entire lead in the lyric drama."

"But consider," urged the director, not quite satisfied how far it might be prudent to trust the interests of the theatre to so inexperienced a *prima donna*; "Mademoiselle Cherini is engaged for the season!"

"She has broken it!" was the reply.

"But we have announced—"

"I am aware of your programme!" interrupted the first speaker. "*Semiramide, La Vestale, Medea, Ariadne*. My child is perfect in them all! Why hesitate with me, who know all the wiles and diplomacy of a director's craft? To-day we are ready to accept terms—to-morrow we shall be in a position to impose them, for, after so successful a *débüt*, there appearance of my pupil will be commanded by the Regent! Think you," she added, "that his highness will ever forgive the insult offered by Cherini?"

"Possibly not! But—"

The rest of the manager's speech was cut short by the appearance of Mademoiselle, who came flowing into the room with the air of an insulted tragedy queen, followed by the obsequious Garrachi. At the sight of the Italian, the elder lady dropped her veil.

"So!" exclaimed the *prima donna*, throwing herself into a chair; "a pretty trick you have played off! Who are these persons?" she continued, casting a disdainful glance upon the two females. "You had better see them some other time! I have something important to say to you!"

The manager, after congratulating her upon her speedy recovery from the very serious indisposition which the note announcing her inability to appear that night had assigned as a reason, drily informed the excited *prima donna* that he was particularly engaged, but would see her in the morning.

A fearful pang of jealousy and rage, such as an artiste only feels, wrung the heart of Mademoiselle Oberini, who felt that her star—at least in the estimation of the speaker—had met with an eclipse.

"Make your choice!" she whispered—or rather hissed in his ear, between her clenched teeth.

"It is made!" replied the manager, who experienced a very natural pleasure in being able to reply to the haughty, capricious woman some portion of the bitterness and humiliation she had caused him to endure. "This young lady is now the *prima donna* of His Majesty's Theatre!"

"Ridiculous! And the new operas? You speak like a fool or a madman!"

"Possibly!" answered the director, carelessly. "Has Mademoiselle Cherini any further commands?"

"You will report this!" exclaimed the excited artiste, bitterly. "Repeat your miserable infatuation! What! confide the destiny of an establishment like the Opera House to a novice—a mere child!"

"She has been carefully trained!"

"Trained!" repeated the angry woman, impatiently; "in what school? Her name is unknown in the conservatoires of Milan, Paris and Naples! Who have been her instructors?"

"I have!" replied the elder of the two ladies, at the same time raising her veil and discovering to the astonished Cherini and the guilty husband the features of Madame Garrachi.

"Do you remember me?" continued the outraged wife and broken-hearted mother. "I perceive you do! I read your recognition in the long absent blush which has at last returned upon your cheek! Think

you," she added, in an ironical tone, "that my pupil has been well tutored? Oh, I have been cold as contempt, patient as hate with her! I tell you that in my very best days, when youth and enthusiasm lent their spell, and I was an idol with the public, neither my voice nor genius ever rivalled hers! Judge what chance you can have, at your years—the sensibilities and the emotions of the heart extinct, and nothing left of genius save its worn-out passions!"

(To be continued.)

## FACETIÆ.

THE herb doctors think that to be healthy and vigorous, a man, like a tree, must take root.

"ARTHUR," said Paterfamilias, "I did not know till to-day that you had been plucked." "Didn't you?" replied hopeful, "I knew it at the time."

MEN WHO WOULD MUCH RATHER NOT MEET.

Men who mix a salad better than any other men.  
Men who ask you to listen while they read aloud something they have written themselves.

Men who tell stories that run one into another, so that you find it very difficult to get away at the end of any of them.

Men who have quarrelled with all their relations.  
Men who have been betrayed and abandoned in the most heartless manner by all their friends.

Men who have been persecuted and swindled by a general conspiracy of everybody.  
Men who imitate popular actors.

Men who are always asking, "Don't you think so?"

Men who are always "putting a case."  
Men who agree with you too much.

Men who "feel impelled to join issue with you there."

Men who are technically enthusiastic on the subject of art, without having any practical knowledge of it whatever.

Men who will go on drinking the best wine you can put before them, and, when asked how they like it, reply, "Oh, pretty well; but the fact is, you know, it's perfectly immaterial to me what I drink."

Men who have received a testimonial.  
Men who quote Shakespeare.

Men who quote Byron.  
Men who quote anybody.

WANTED TO KNOW.—Whether a treble singer does three times the work, or is paid three times as much as another.

ALL OF ONE MIND.—"So many men, so many minds." Not always the case. A gentleman asked a crowd to imbibe the other day. They were all of one mind, and partook.

A GENTLEMAN who had borrowed money of all his friends, at last applied to an old Quaker, who said, "Friend Fordyce, I have known several persons ruined by two dice; and I will take care not to be ruined by Fourdice."

ALONE IN HIS GLORY.—A facetious young fellow having unwittingly offended a conceited puppy, the latter told him he was no "gentleman." "Are you a gentleman?" asked the droll one. "Yes, sir," bounced the fop. "Then, I am very glad I am not," replied the other.

## MUSIC AND MADNESS.

Thistles grow in Scotland still, and long ears likewise. Only look at this now:—

WHAT CONSTITUTE MADNESS.—The Scottish Commissioners in Lunacy state in their report for 1865 that in the course of that year a patient was brought to a lunatic asylum with the certificate of a medical practitioner giving (by way of compliance with the statute) as the fact observed by himself in proof of insanity, that the patient "has a great desire to appear conspicuous as a musician."

An officer reproving a boatswain for perpetually swearing, the boatswain replied, that he heard the officer swear. "Only in an emergency," said the officer. "That's just it," replied the other, "a boatswain's life is a life of emergency."

A BEAR IN A BEDROOM.—A few nights since a tame bear, which is kept by the proprietor of the Cambria House, got loose from his kennel and started on an exploring expedition through the premises. Finding a door open, Bruin entered, and made his way through the house. In passing through the hall, he came in contact with one of the servant girls, *en déshabille*, who, supposing that the bear was bent on mischief, fled screaming into a bedroom close at hand. Bruin, seeming to appreciate the joke, pursued her closely, and took his stand at the door. The girl, seeing retreat cut off, crept under the bed to hide from the monster. The inmate of the couch, a lady, being awakened by the screams of the girl, and seeing

Bruin making his way towards the bed, started up in a hurry, completing her toilet in a more expeditious manner, we venture to say, than she had ever done in her life before, and added her screams to those of the girl. The bear commenced a charge upon the fair ones, being evidently in a sportive mood. By a dexterous flank movement, he cornered them both, and resting himself upon his hind legs, he looked intently into their faces, as if to say, "What do you think now, my dears?" By this time nearly the whole house was aroused, and came to the rescue of the besieged. Bruin was seized by some of the masculine gender and taken to his kennel, while the frightened women were taken care of by the female portion of the house. They blushed at having been seen in so scanty apparel, and afterwards laughed at the groundlessness of their fright.—*Milbank Sentinel*.

THE following advertisement lately appeared in a paper:—"Wanted, in a private laboratory, a young chemist as assistant. He will be required to carry out research, to perform commercial analysis, and occasionally to wait at table. A graduate preferred."

A GENTLEMAN asked Rothschild's advice as to speculating in the finance and banking companies at that time in high favour. "Oh, yes," was the advice, "but if you do speculate, my friend, you must do as you would in a shower bath—soon in and soon out."

## ENGLISH V. LATIN.

Once upon a time a company was assembled at a dinner-table, when the conversation turned upon the comparative merits of the English and Latin languages.

A Latinist led off in enthusiastic eulogies upon the power and versatility of his favourite language, and adduced in illustration the celebrated dispatch of Cæsar: "*Veni, Vidi, Vici!*"

"What," exclaimed he, "can equal the condensed brevity and force of that?"

A guest, who had hitherto remained silent, here joined in the conversation, and said he could match it with something more.

"As I was nearing a certain river the other day," he went on to observe, "I met a country girl with a plate of fresh butter on her head, who was on her way to market with it to the village, and who had just forded the stream I had to cross. Accosting her, I inquired, 'How high is the river, and what is the price of butter?' She instantly replied, 'To my waist and a shilling!'"

The roar that greeted this indicated a popular vote, and the Latinist subsided.

THE Mayor of Bridgewater was questioning the boys at the Ragged-school, and he asked them what were the pumps and yandies of this wicked world. He asked them one by one, but they could not tell him. At last a little boy near the bottom said, "I know, sir." The Mayor put up his hand, and said "Stop a bit;" but he found none of the others could answer. He said to the little boy, "Now then, what is it?" He said, "The Mayor and Corporation going to church, sir."

## THE BUTT OF MANY A JOKE.

Zeke H— was not only a poor, weak-minded individual, but he had a serious impediment in his speech, having been born without a palate. He was much given to talking to himself when alone, and thereby made himself the butt of many a joke. One day, a neighbour surprised him alone near a brook, and secreted himself, was a witness to the following. As it is impossible to imitate his speech in type, I must give his words in plain English:

"Mr. H—," he said, "I'll bet you two-and-sixpence you don't jump across this brook." He then immediately adds, in another tone, "I'll take that bet."

Zeke gathers himself up, and lands safely on the opposite bank, exclaiming, "There!" taking a half-crown from his right-hand pocket and putting it in his left. Then descending the brook a few steps, where there was a wide place, he again remarked to himself, "Mr. H—, I'll bet you two-and-sixpence you can't jump across here," quickly adding, "I'll take that bet."

Stepping back, he puts forth a tremendous effort, and this time lands in the middle of the stream, sinking to the bottom. "Lost!" and he puts the half-crown back into his right-hand pocket.

Reaching the bank as soon as possible, he surveys himself for a moment, and then philosophizes:

"Well, Mr. H—, you haven't lost anything, or made anything; but one thing is certain—you've got a wet jacket!"

GETTING OUT OF A DIFFICULTY.—The following anecdote is now current in Florentine society:—"A ballet dancer at Venice, while dancing at the theatre there, had a bouquet thrown at her tied with a ribbon in the Italian colours. She immediately kissed the ribbon, which created tremendous enthusiasm among the audience. After the performance she was called



to the police-office, and sharply reprimanded for this act of patriotism. She excused herself by saying that in kissing the bouquet she had only followed the universal custom on such occasions; but the authorities would not accept this excuse, and told her that another time she should not kiss the bouquet, but tread it under foot. The following evening another bouquet was thrown, and the dancer, in compliance with her instructions, trod it under foot, again amid frantic applause. The ribbon round the bouquet was, however, this time not red, green, and white ribbon, but black and yellow—the colours of Austria."

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Mamma: "Who was the first man, 'Lina?"  
'Lina: "I forget."  
Mamma: "Already? Why, Adam, to be sure! And who was the first woman?"

'Lina (after a thoughtful pause): "Madam!"—Punch.  
SCOTLAND has never produced a great composer. And no great wonder either; at least, if Scotch people in general be like this medical practitioner, and would shut up as lunatic anyone who thinks that he knows something about music.—Punch.

LIKE HER IMPUDENCE.

Misses and the Young Ladies (together). "Goodness gracious, 'Mamma! what have you—where's your Crin'lin?" (This word snappishly.)  
Jemima. "Oh 'M, please 'M, which I understand as they are a goin' out, 'M—!" [Receives warning on the spot.]—Punch.

"A CHARGE OF HORNING."

The Scotch papers retail a story about a cow, which being in Montrose the other day, suddenly dashed up the steps of the gaol, and battered to be let in. Of course, a Scotch mob could not comprehend a novel idea, and ill-used the cow, instead of reverencing her feelings. The cow had infringed the rinderpest laws, and came to give herself up. What a touching proof of the progress of intelligence among the inferior creation! But the world knows nothing of its greatest cows. If this poor animal has not been killed, we advise the Montrose folk to look after her, for she has evidently a deal more sense than the framers of the regulations she had broken, and which have driven daft half the farmers in the kingdom.—Punch.

COARSE FOOD FOR AN INVALID.

GARIBALDI, ever to the front when his country needs him, has received a slight wound. "But," says the telegram, "he will be able, in eight days, to take horse." We trust that, in the meantime, his diet will be something more digestible.—Punch.

A NEW DISH.

Sympathizing Swell (waiting for some chicken):—"You've got no Sinecure there, 'Thomas!"  
Perspiring Footman:—"Very sorry, sir—just 'elped the last of it away, sir!"—Punch.

A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE.

Austria has been sewn up by the Prussian needle-gun. Had not England better learn to take time by the firelock?—Punch.

A MARTIN TO FASHION.

1st Swell (in chair):—"Sit down, Charlie, and have a glass of claret."  
2nd Swell:—"My dear fellah, don't you see I've got on my walking trousers? I can't sit down!"—Punch.

A POOR CON-SOL-ATION.—A number of salmon and salmon trout is reported to have been found dead in the Solway, the cause of death being conjectured to be sunstroke. Of course, poor things, being in the Solway they couldn't get out of the way of Sol.—Punch.

A KING'S PAWN, NOT A BAD MOVE.—A contemporary says it is "a melancholy thing that in Prussia the Government pawnbroking offices are so full that the magazines can scarcely contain all the articles; the consequence being that only plate, jewellery, and unmade stuffs are received now." We imagine that the Prussian Ministers do not complain that there are so many "pledges to support the Government." We must, henceforward, speak not only of cousins German but of German "uncles."—Punch.

SPEECH AT A MARRIAGE FESTIVAL.—The following little speech, which smacks of the poetical genius of Carlyle, was made in Memphis recently by a bridegroom at the wedding supper-table:—"To-night I shake hands with the past. I live henceforth in future joys. An unknown door is opened wide, and I enter an abode of perfect beatitude. These two persons, whose lives have been well spent, have reared and trained, in love and kindness, the sharer of my future joys and woes. If my life be blissful I will owe them much, in that they have imbued the mind and heart of their adopted child with lessons of purity, kindness, truthfulness, and love. I am confident for the future.

The shadow of the present shall fall upon it even when my bride and I have grown old, and invest it with sunset glories. The man who in youth knew some soft, soul-subduing air, melts when he again hears it sung. Although it is not half so touching, yet it awakens sweetest echoes in dreamland, and to age it repeats the story of youthful hopes, passions and love. I may not deserve the good I have won. Love is not won. It gives itself, and if not given, no wealth, genius, beauty, state, or wit, no gold of earth or gem of heaven, is rich enough to purchase it. Loving thee, my bride, my heart shall keep its old memories like the sea-shell its wonted melody. But away with forebodings on a wedding-night! Love's music steals on us like dawning light, which over all the heavens spreads and invests the world with beauty and glory. The road that leads on through the unknown future was dark and dreary, but a celestial splendour now lights up the gloom, and the fair bride, her spirit-soul a Peri at the gates of Paradise, invites me onward and upward to a life of purest pleasure and duties of beneficence." How soon will Pecksniff be dead?

CALM.

"And you have seen our friend, you say.  
And she was calm, shed not a tear,  
But spoke in her old, quiet way  
The common words of homely cheer;  
Made no complaint, nor piteously  
From you, or I, or mortal friend;  
Nor sympathy for sorrow passed,  
Nor help to bear it to the end.  
"And seeing this, you rashly say,  
She has no heart to suffer woe,  
Because the challenge of a sigh  
Is wanting.

"Is it so?"

"Do weaker spirits suffer more,  
Lamenting loudly fate's decree,  
To patient ear recounting o'er  
Unburied griefs and griefs to be?"  
Nay—through the careless spray of tears  
They gather rainbows in the light  
Of shattered sunshine—'tis their way  
Of meeting woe. Perchance 'tis right.  
The ruddy rose exhales the rain  
And laughs again.

The phantom flower  
That under glass lifts up its soul,  
Has naught to fear from sun and shower,  
Since time and woful alchemy  
Have worked their will and so evoked,  
With all its greenness tortured out,  
A beautiful but pallid ghost.  
The proud heart asks no pity for its pain,  
Save from its God.

Its idols fall,  
And all alone it gathers up the wreck  
And buries it at midnight—gives no call,  
Lest idle hands should even now  
Find out the weakness of the clay,  
And handle roughly what its love  
Had sanctified. Henceforth always  
The silent stars, the patient sky,  
The sombre forest, whatsoever  
Gives it the meed of silent pity,  
May see the proud heart's bitter tear.  
And tell how it must suffer most,  
Wrestling with hidden grief alone,  
Till He who gives the weary rest  
Shall give the peace He gives His own.  
And so our friend is calm, you say,  
Nor needs our pity?—Yes, ah, yes!  
Pity her tenderly, though you speak  
To her no word of tenderness.

E. L.

GEMS.

GREAT talkers are like cracked pitchers—everything runs out of them.

THE more a man works, the less time he will have to grumble about hard times.

OBJECTS are but bright and happy as the eyes of the mind see them, with a vision unclouded by its secret shadow.

GRIEVE to grief a little time, and it softens to a regret, and grows beautiful at last; and we cherish it as we do some old dim picture of the dead.

HE who marries for beauty only is like a buyer of cheap furniture—the varnish that caught the eye will not endure the fireside blaze.

THE world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at

and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion; and so let all young persons take their choice.

THE tear of a loving girl is like a dew drop on the rose; but that on the cheek of a wife is a drop of poison to her husband.

BEWARE of such food as persuades a man, though he be not hungry, to eat it, and those liquors that will prevail with a man to drink them when he is not thirsty.

PREFER solid sense to wit; never study to be diverting, without being useful; let no jest intrude upon good manners, nor say anything that may offend modesty.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

SYRUP FOR WATER-ICES.—One pound of sugar, dissolved in half a pint of water. Put it into a saucepan, but do not put it on the fire until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved. Stir it until it boils. Throw in a tea-cupful of cold water: boil it up again, but do not stir it after the cold water is put into it. Let it stand to settle, and remove any scum before mixing it with the fruit.

LEMON PRESERVE FOR TARTS.—Take one pound of sugar, broken as for tea, quarter of a pound of fresh butter, six eggs, leaving out the whites of two, and the juice and grated rinds of three fine lemons. Put these ingredients into a saucepan, and stir the whole gently over a slow fire, until it becomes as thick as honey. Then pour the mixture thus prepared into small jars, and tie brandy papers over them, and keep them in a cool, dry place.

PINE-APPLE MARMALADE.—Pare the rind and cut into small pieces; the same weight of sugar as fruit; put one-third of the sugar to the fruit. Let it stand all night, so as to extract the juice. Boil it on the following day for a short time; let it stand for two or three days; then repeat the boiling with another third of the sugar. Let it stand again another day or two, then boil it clear with the remainder of the sugar. The juice of a lemon, if added, gives to the marmalade an agreeable acid.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WE have received a letter from Sir James Duke, Bart., to the effect that the paragraph in our last stating that he had no son is incorrect. Sir James informs us that he has a son, born June 25th, 1865.

THE Scotsman states that, in consequence of the excessive drought, the river Earn has been unusually low, and many persons have been lately searching its bed for pearls. Some of the pearls found are valued at from £1 to £2 each.

It was stated in the French Legislative Assembly that the rural letter-carriers walk daily, on an average, sixteen miles, and sometimes as much as twenty and twenty-five, and yet receive some as little as £12 a year. Some of the country postmistresses receive only £20 to £25 per annum, out of which they have to pay rent.

It is said that the late battles have been all won by Prussian tailors, who are as expert with the needle as the Prussian Government is with the thimble-rig. The German tailors who went to Edinburgh, and were frightened away by the "bug" pipes, are said to be the men who have handled the needle-gun in such style.

THE following statistics have just been published:—At the commencement of the present year there were in Ireland seventy-two stipendiary magistrates three superior officers of police, and 11,778 inspector, and constables. The force had 882 horses. In the first and second classes of sub-constables there were 1,778 vacancies. The cost of the police force for the year 1865 was £712,382, of which sum £695,649 was paid out of the public purse and £16,688 by a county rate.

FRAUDS IN THE HOP TRADE.—An Act of Parliament has just been printed to amend two former Acts "To Prevent Frauds and Abuses in the Hop Trade." It is declared that the other Acts have been found ineffectual for preventing frauds and abuses in the trade of hops. On and after the 28th of August next growers and owners of hops are to mark each bag with the year, when the hops were actually grown, the true progressive number, and the gross weight, under a penalty of £20, and a like penalty is to be enforced for "mixing" hops of different qualities and value. Another fraud guarded against is taking foreign hops out of bags and putting them into British bags in order to sell them as British hops. With the view of checking the evils which have arisen in the hop trade, the justices before whom the offenders are convicted are to give one moiety of the penalty to the complainants.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**THOMAS.**—*Ave Maria* is a form of worship repeated by Roman Catholics, in honour of the Virgin Mary, it being the angels' salutation to her.

**S. S.**, twenty-four, fair, not rich, but with enough to keep a wife comfortably; of a cheerful disposition, and very fond of music.

**L'ECLAT.**, nineteen, golden brown hair, dark blue eyes, and of medium height. Respondent must be tall and dark.

**STUDENT.**—*Attic* means something relating to Attica, or the City of Athens. Thus, *Attic salt* is a delicate, pungent sort of wit or humour, peculiar to the Athenian writers, and Atticism a short, pithy, concise style of speaking or writing.

**A NEWSPAPER READER.**—The word "Gazette" is derived from *Gazetta*, a Venetian coin, which was the usual price of the first newspaper printed in Venice, and which was afterwards given to the paper itself.

**A SCOTCHMAN.**—The present Lord Lyon, King-at-Arms, an eminent heraldic officer by the way, that has recently caused much discussion in the daily papers, is Thomas Drummond, 10th Earl of Kinnoull.

**POMPEY SQUARE.**—There are, we believe, several works which profess to teach the banjo. Any music-seller or publisher will supply you with one, and give you the necessary information.

**A YOUTH.**—His father can legally compel him to return. Take our advice, and adopt no such course—at least, without you have sufficient cause, and even then, not without the advice of your next nearest relation.

**GREAT.**, eighteen, ladylike in appearance and manners, well connected and educated, but no fortune, thoroughly domesticated. The gentleman must be tall and dark, and fond of home.

**KATE SWIFT.**, fair, short, and slight, fond of music, and, last not least, thoroughly domesticated. Respondent must be tall and dark; money no object, as "Kate" has already sufficient for both.

**ELLEN G.**, seventeen, of medium height, dark hair, deep blue eyes, small mouth, considered very pretty. Respondent must be from eighteen to twenty, tall, dark, good tempered, and in good circumstances.

**ELIZABETH C.**, nineteen, tall, a brunette, ladylike figure, light blue eyes, thoroughly domesticated, and would make a loving wife. Respondent must be about twenty-two, tall, fair, and good tempered.

**H. A.**, twenty-two, fair, rather short, industrious, no fortune, but will make a good wife. The young gentleman replying must be dark, good tempered, kind hearted and steady.

**C. D.** appeals to a young lady about eighteen, medium height, fair, good looking, and affectionate. "C. D." is nineteen, of medium height, dark, rather good looking, and has good expectations.

**F. Y.**—We have found no plan better for softening hard water than exposing it for a few days to the atmosphere. The water not only becomes less hard, but is aired and warmed, and is in every way better for watering plants than water from a well or spring.

**DEXTER.**, tall, dark, good looking, dark blue eyes, fine nose, good teeth, and a salary of 120*l.*, with a prospect of an increase. The young lady of his choice must not be less than twenty, as "Dexter" is twenty-six, and if she has a true and loving heart, it is all that he will desire.

**POLITICUS.**—The Right Hon. Sir William G. Hyton Jolliffe, Bart., so recently created Lord Hyton, was Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department in 1862, and Joint Secretary to the Treasury in '65 and '69. He is a Conservative of course, and was born in 1800.

**JANE.**—Take plenty of exercise in the open air, and study Banting, who from the size of a Danubian became a thin prospector, by a total abstinence from beer, sugar, milk, and potatoes. The book is very cheap, and to be obtained from any bookseller.

**SUMMER MONTH.**, twenty-one, 5 ft 5 in. in height, good looking, brown wavy hair and blue eyes. The young lady must not be taller than himself, about eighteen or nineteen, have a fair share of good looks, a fair education, be a member of the Church of England, and last, though not least, possess a true and honest heart. "Summer Month" is not at present in a position to marry, but trusts he will be in about eighteen months.

**BRITOMART.**—We cannot undertake to recommend any particular gunmaker; it would be invidious to do so where there are so many of equal standing and reputation. (2.) A breech-loader, by all means. Surely the recent Prussian victories are sufficient evidence of the value of that arm over all others. (3.) It is said that 20,000 of the Enfield rifles are being now converted into breech-loaders at the Government works, for the use of our troops; moreover, that our Government is in possession of two or three patterns of "breech-loaders," vastly superior to that which the

Prussians have proved to be so terribly effective. The great merit, however, of the Prussian authorities is that they have been the first nation to reduce them to practice.

**Mrs. LILLY.**, who thinks we ought to take compassion on the old as well as the young, is a widow, without family, good-tempered, lively, domesticated, respectable, and respectably connected, would like to meet with a gentleman above fifty, and in circumstances to keep a wife.

**LELUIX LERO.** cannot have paid due attention to our correspondent's columns, or he would have read therein his reply to "May D. D." We are desirous to oblige each individual correspondent; it is therefore scarcely fair that, having once inserted a communication, we should be made to suffer in time and trouble for our correspondent's inattention. Handwriting tolerably good; with more care, however, it would be better.

**FORGET-ME-NOT.**—A young lady of agreeable manners, cheerful disposition, fond of music, fair hair and blue eyes, and thoroughly domesticated. Respondent must be about twenty-two, tall, of gentlemanly manners, cheerful temper, dark hair and eyes, and with an income of not less than 150*l.* per annum. A clerk preferred.

**H. P. A.**—It may be interesting to some of our readers to know that the new green so fashionable for ladies' dresses is just as dangerous in its nature as the green wall-paper about which so much was written some time since. It is prepared with a large quantity of arsenic, and we have been assured by several of the leading dressmakers that the workwomen employed in making up dresses of this colour are seriously affected with all the symptoms of arsenical poisoning. Let our lady friends take care.

**FORNAY.**—Little of the past is known. It is not true that a Penny Post was in existence in London more than one hundred years ago. In a Dictionary of about that time, we find the following:—"Penny Post is a post established for the benefit of London and the adjacent parts, by which any letter or parcel not exceeding sixteen ounces in weight, or 10*l.* in value, is speedily conveyed to and from all parts within ten miles of London." (2.) The General Post Office was established by Act of Parliament, in the 12th of King Charles the Second, in Lombard Street.

## FABLES.

Will of iron, heart of rock,  
Feeling not the world's great shock;  
Adamantine firmness shown,  
Mind intrenched on reason's throne.

What can shake a firm resolve?  
What can change it, what dissolve?  
Not an attribute of man,  
Save where passion leads the van.

Passion—'tis the haughty king,  
Rules and governs everything;  
Monarch of this world, has been  
Governing the minds of men.

Off we see it clothed in light,  
Glorious in power and might,  
Working as love's chosen friend,  
To subserve a glorious end.

Then, anon, 'tis dark and deep,  
Plotting when the world's asleep;  
Working as love's chosen friend,  
To subserve a glorious end.

A T

**DE.**—a widow, thirty-four, highly respectable, no children, living as housekeeper, very fair, grey eyes, good figure, business-like, of a cheerful disposition, but no money. Respondent must be a respectable man, with a good home, and a business of his own.

**FLORENCE.**, eighteen, brown hair, hazel eyes, fair, small teeth, slight figure, and rather below the medium height; she is also in possession of a small fortune. "Florence" would like a tall, dark gentleman, but he must be highly respectable, as she is herself of good family.

**J. W. B.**—*Frankenstein* is a romance of weird character. It was written by Mrs. Percy Bysshe Shelley (the wife of the great poet who was drowned in Italy), at it is said, the instigation of Lord Byron. Mrs. Shelley, who was the daughter of the celebrated Goethe, author of "Faust," and Mary Wollstonecraft, the once famous advocate of the Rights of Woman, was scarcely less remarkable than her parents.

**YACHTMAN.**—We cannot aid you in "getting up" a yacht club. Why not become a candidate for admission into one of those already established? A yacht of the size you indicate, viz., one requiring a "crew," could only be kept by a person of fortune. (2.) Watch the advertising columns of the daily papers. Yachts are often offered for sale; or apply to a boat-builder, who will supply you with all the information you require.

**GALLANT TOM, BEN BACKSTAY, and EDWARD.**, three sons of Neptunus. "Gallant Tom" is twenty-five, 5 ft 6 in. in height, light hair, blue eyes, good-looking, and at present serving as able seaman in the Royal Navy, but his time has nearly expired. "Ben Backstay," likewise an A.B. in the Royal Navy, is twenty-three, 5 ft 4 in. in height, brown hair, whiskers, and eyes, and on attaining his twenty-fifth birthday will come in for 180*l.*, when he intends settling on shore. "Edward" is twenty-one, 5 ft 9 in. in height, brown curling hair and whiskers, blue eyes, good looking, good prospects, and respectably connected. Would prefer a domestic servant about eighteen or twenty years of age.

**THOMAS.**—Sir Frederick Pollock, the late Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, is another instance of the flexibility of the free institutions of England. It was the boast of Napoleon the First that every private soldier carried a field-marshal's baton in his knapsack. Thus, Englishmen may boast that every boy born, given the necessary training and perseverance, has the germs in him which may lead to a peerage, or, at all events, the highest offices in the State. The late Chief Baron was born in 1783, the son of a Scottish saddler, long resident at Charing Cross. Was educated at St. Paul's School, afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he gained a Senior Wranglership, the highest honour of that university. At twenty-one he entered the Middle Temple. In '27 he became a King's Counsel, in '31 entered the House of Commons as member for Huntingdon. In 1834 he was made Attorney-General, and a knight, and on the death of Lord Abinger, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. His brother, General Sir George Pollock, also raised himself to great distinction as a soldier. Sir Frederick Pollock's suc-

cessor, the present Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, was born in 1796, called to the Bar in 1824, became a Queen's Counsel and Bench in '35, Solicitor-General in '45, and Attorney-General in '58. In the House of Commons, Sir Fitzroy has represented Ipswich, Harwich, and East Suffolk.

**J. C.**, a schoolmaster, of very good prospects, very good looking, fair, blue eyes, and a good musician. The lady must be good looking and of an amiable disposition.

**A LONDONER.**—How can you expect us to tell you what salary an office boy or clerk should receive, without knowing his qualifications? (2.) Your handwriting is really so very bad that we doubt if you have no other qualifications, whether you would get five shillings per week, even supposing you could procure the situation.

**D. I. C.**—Whiskers are not erotic, that they may be forced. Try patience—strengthen your mind by cultivation *ad interim*, the whiskers will be forthcoming. (2.) What- ever may be the present generally accepted meaning of the word, *whiskers*, in the English of all centuries preceding the present, are what we now call *moustache*. The dictionaries have never admitted the modern meaning. The French word *moustache* is from the Greek.

**ANTIQUARIAN.**—You are correct, and have won your wager, for there was one, about 140 years ago—a Society for the Reformation of Manners. The object of this society was to put in execution the then existing laws against immorality and profaneness. Commendable, however, as was the object of this society, in a short time it came to grief, for some of its members exceeding the limits of their power, actions at law were brought against them, and the society was broken up.

**LAW STUDENT.**—The Inns of Court are literally colleges in London, for the study of the laws of England, with all conveniences for the lodging of the professors and students. The four principal Inns of Court are the Inner Temple, Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn. Next in order is Serjeants' Inn. The lesser Inns are Clifford's, Symonds', Clement's, Furnival's, Staples', Thavies', Barnard's, and the New. These are chiefly occupied by solicitors and non-legal persons. Old Lyons Inn has recently been removed to make way for a hotel.

**POLITICUS.**—*Austria* and *Prussia* were described in the *Gazette*, 190 years since, as follows:—*Austria*, a circle of Germany, comprehending the Arch-Duchy of Austria, Styria, Carinthia, Carolus, Tyrol, Trent, and Brixen. Bounded by Bohemia and Moravia in the north; by Hungary, Slavonia, and Croatia in the east; by the dominions of Venice in the south; and by Bavaria in the west. *Prussia*, as a province of Poland, situated on the coast of the Baltic Sea, and divided into Royal and Ducal Prussia, the first subject to Poland, and the latter to the King of Prussia.

## COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:—

**ROLEY and POLLEY** are responded to by—"Flores" and "Arabella," two servants, both twenty-four, fair, the same height, and considered good looking. They would make good wives to husbands who would be true and steady.

**D. W. G. by—"Lilly Dale,"** who is between seventeen and eighteen, 5 ft 1 in. in height, fair, dark hair and eyes, a loving heart, and a small income; and—"L. W.," eighteen, fair, and scarcely 5 ft in height, an orphan, entirely self-dependent, and with nothing to offer "D. W. G." but an open and affectionate disposition.

**EDWARD by—"Serio-Comico,"** who thinks she very just as him. "Serio-Comico," whose character is very like her *non de plume*, is eighteen, medium height, and in appearance—but that she will leave to Edward's judgment, as self-praise is no recommendation. Handwriting good and ladylike.

**AMO by—"Ella,"** who thinks she is all that he wishes for in a wife. "Ella" is fair, good looking, of business habits, very affectionate, amiable, and fond of home and its duties. Answered by—"Fanny," twenty, 5 ft 3 in. in height, fair, good teeth, considered very good looking, domesticated, and quite heart whole; no money, but a good temper, and would do her best to make her husband happy.

**C. W. E. by—"Adele,"** twenty-two, tall, rather dark, blue eyes, pleasing manners, affectionate, good housekeeper, and good abilities. Being a governess, "Adele" has not the required annuity, but she does not think that it is of great consequence.

**ANSWERS by—"Harry Graham,"** over twenty, 5 ft 8 in. in height, slender, rather dark, dark hair, and grey eyes. **INNOCENT EMILY and GERT by—"Richard,"** a widower, forty, in a good way of business. "Richard" is of opinion that life is a dreary void without someone with whom to share his joys and sorrows; and by—"P. H. Y." 6 ft in height, very dark, black hair and eyes, good looking, with an income of 150*l.*, and the prospect of a rise.

**F. G. A.**, the widow, by—"A. B. X.," who is forty-three, a bachelor, 5 ft 8 in. in height, and of fair complexion; and by—"Salus," a bachelor, thirty-six, 5 ft 9 in. in height, light complexion, with dark hazel eyes, and an income of 100*l.*

**LOVE and JEANIE by—"Willy" and "Charlie,"** "Willy" is of medium height, fair complexion, and small moustache; "Charlie" is of medium height, with whiskers and moustache. Both are of a warm and genial disposition, truly bonifiable, and connected with the fine arts.

**MAY WENLOCK by—"Felix,"** who thinks he would suit her. He has just passed his twenty-fifth birthday, is tall, dark, and only wants a fair young lady in whom to place his confidence and prove his disposition to be such as "May Wenlock" desires. "Felix" has a moderate salary, although not so large as he would wish in order to prove his independence to the object of his choice; he hopes, however, by perseverance to increase it.

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